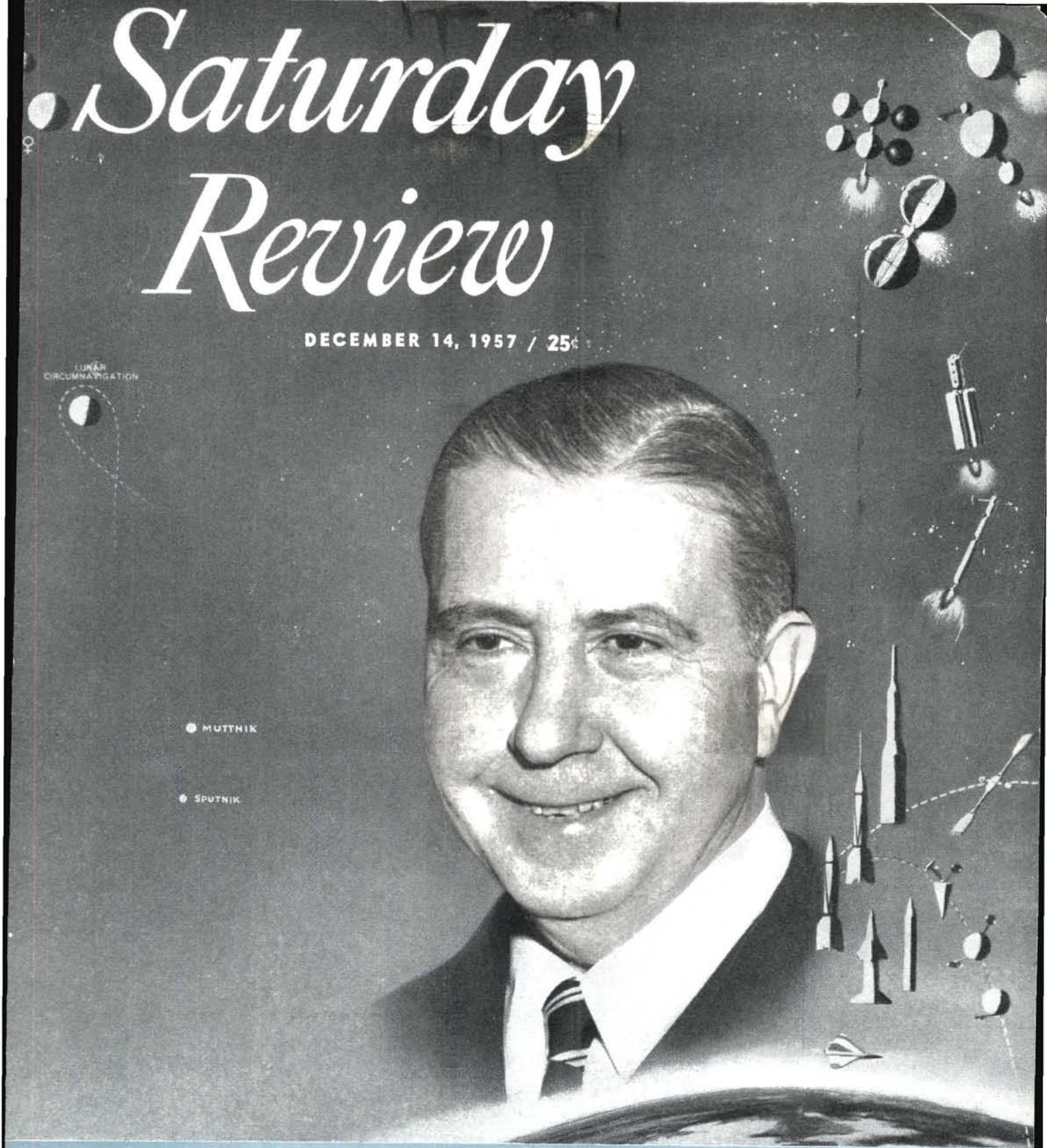
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 14, 1957 / 25¢



Irish martyr+German logic=Assistant President for Science James R. Killian.

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By Lenore Cisney and John Reddy

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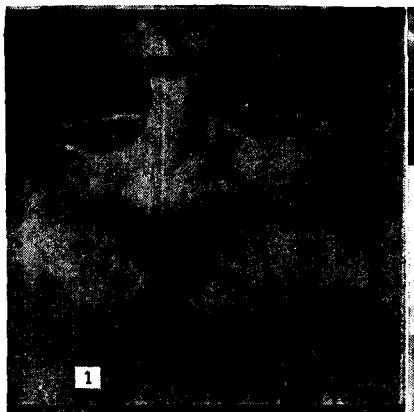

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 14, 1957

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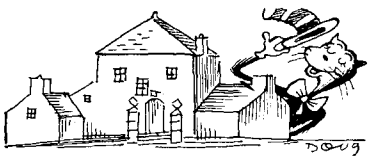
TRADE Winds

WHEN WE DROPPED by the elegant marble halls of Random House recently, we didn't get much beyond a bookshelf which held the bright red-and-blue jacket of the book called "The Cat in the Hat," by the impish



and delightful artist-writer Dr. Seuss.

"Dr. Seuss," read the jacket copy, "took just 220 different words—words that any child in the first and second grade can read—and charmed them into a story that your offspring will want to read over and over again—by *himself.*"

To one who has always felt that young nippers of six or seven are laughing up their sleeves when they are given a story about cats or kittens or dogs or mice, this created something of a challenge. We have always had a feeling that youngsters can't wait to dig out a copy of Ernest Hemingway or John Steinbeck and settle down to headier stuff. Also we have always been suspect of theories. How do educators *know* six- or seven-year-olds can read these 220 words? For *sure,* that is.

We put the proposition squarely to Jean Ennis, whose job it is to see to it that Random House books become household words: "How about testing this right out on the front lines—with the kids themselves?"

Jean didn't flinch a bit. She reached directly for her phone, and within five minutes arranged for a reading group at New York's Downtown Community School to be the judge and jury for "The Cat in the Hat"—and the theories that went with it.

WITH THE DATE SET for a week later, we began to learn more about the intrepid Dr. Seuss, who is known to his friends as Ted Geisel. (The word "Dr." just happened—although later he received an honorary doctorate from his alma mater, Dartmouth.) He wrote an even dozen best-selling children's books before he accepted the 220-word challenge of "The Cat in the Hat." They proved that his fertile pen was equalled only by the incredibly imaginative zany animals he drew. These animals and ideas had launched the "Quick Henry, the Flit" campaign, made it soar into one of the most successful in advertising history.

But none of this fully equipped him for writing "The Cat in the Hat." He describes the job of making a full-scale story out of 220 words as "being lost with a witch in a tunnel of love." His first thought was to write a story called "The Queen Zebra"—only to find that both *Queen* and *Zebra* were missing from the list. This would have left him with the title "The."

He then got an idea to do a story about scaling the peaks of Everest at sixty degrees below zero. This was fine, except that he couldn't use the words *scaling, peaks, Everest, sixty,* or *degrees.* When he found that he couldn't use *bird* he toyed with calling such a story "The Wing Thing." He gave it up after one sentence.

Fed up with birds, the idea of a cat struck him, a sound way of getting rid of birds from the start. Thus emerged "The Cat in the Hat," written out of soul-searing agony and frustration. Random House decided to publish the trade edition, Houghton Mifflin the textbook edition.

WITH THESE THOUGHTS in mind, we made our way to the Downtown Community School along with Miss Ennis and a tape recorder. Norman Struder, director of the school, was patient and benevolent. As headmaster of a school conceived, financed, and operated by the parents themselves, he combines the advantages of progressive education with the firm belief in homework and the three R's. He believes in the

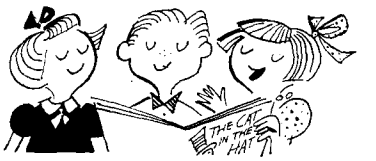
full expression of a child's creative mind, and we were to find out in a few moments how extensive this is.

Six second-graders were waiting in the room for us, under the quiet and competent direction of their teacher, Mrs. Ruth Muller. ("We must always call her *Mull*-er, not *Mule*-er," one of the youngsters told us quietly, "because a mule is a horse, and we love her. We love horses, too, of course.")

They were sitting in a semi-circle, but still looked very much like a formal jury. There was Connie Leete ("I'm from Brooklyn—no, I guess I'm from New York City"), Judy Silverstein ("I was born uptown, but now I live downtown"), Posey Knobler ("My father sells things to stores"), Paul Mitchell ("I love to read, and then make up my own stories"), Tom Lundin ("My father builds schools, but I'm not sure whether he's an architect or an engineer"), and Betsey Fajans ("My father's a film editor"). They were all within the prescribed age limits of the book—ranging from six-and-a-half to seven-and-a-half.

Connie began reading. Her voice was thin and small, but determined. "The sun did not shine. It was too wet to play," she began. "So we sat in the house all that cold, cold, wet day." She hadn't missed a word. But she couldn't resist a joke. "What does s-u-n spell?" she asked. This brought down the house. It was explained by the rest of the jury that Connie knew all along what *sun* spelled; she had just spelled it in class.

The reading continued, first Connie, then Judy, then Posey. Once in a while



they stumbled over a word, but very rarely. And not only that—the story began wrapping them in deep attention.

"And then — something went BUMP!" Posey was reading. "How that bump made us jump!" (Roars of laughter.)

All through the capers of the mischievous cat in the hat, the jury turned its pages and followed with the attention usually reserved for a Western flicker. "But our fish said, 'No! No!'," Tom was reading, his voice trembling with suspense and drama. " 'Make that cat go away! Tell that Cat in the Hat you do not want to play'!"

At this point, we decided to take over the reading for an acid test: we would make intentional mistakes, and see what happened.

"He came down with a bump from up there on the ball," we read. "And Sally and I, we saw ALL the things *drop.*" We had purposely inserted *drop* in place of *fall.*

The reaction was immediate. "He tricked us!" Paul called out. "Yes, yes, yes. You tricked us!" The entire group was ready to send us to the showers.

WE WENT ON WITH the reading, thinking the jury might get better continuity from faster narration. But no.

"Read slower, please!" Tom said,

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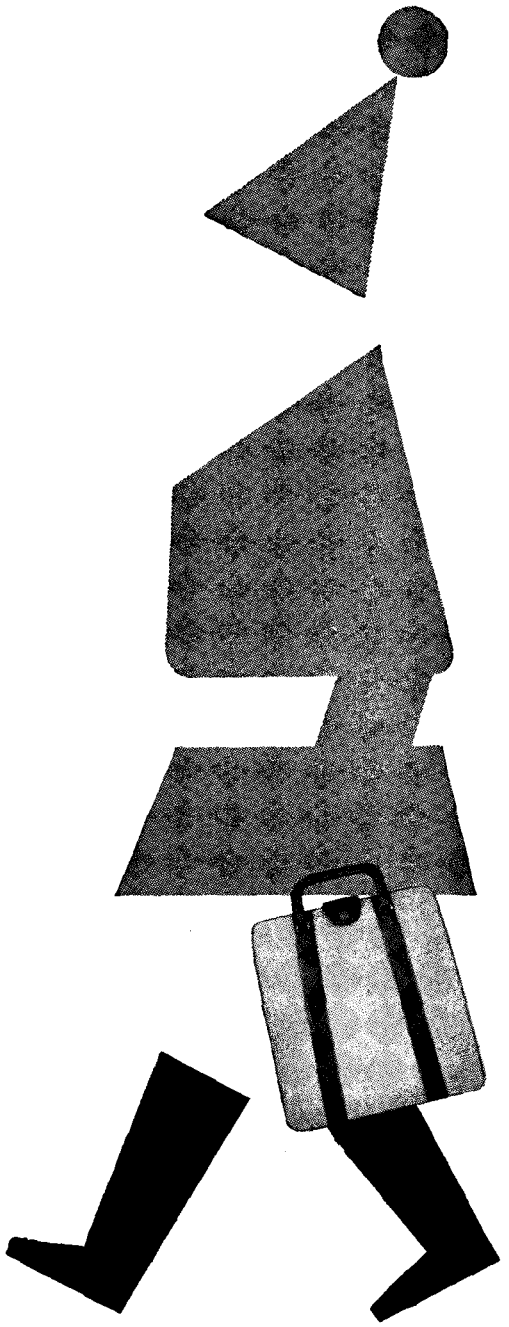

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"we all want to follow the words, and you get us confused."

"I think we should read ourselves," said Judy, at a point in the story where the cat was upsetting the house horribly.

"I like to mess my blocks up, just like the story," said Posey. "Then I tell my mommy to pick them up—and she does!"

"I like messy houses," said Betsey.

Judy, continuing to read, finally hit a word which stumped her. It was *gown.*

"Do you know what a gown is?" we asked.

"Of course I do," Judy said. "It's a beautiful, lovely thing your mommy puts on when she goes out to a cocktail party!"

THE BOOK WAS finished. It was time for the verdict.

"It's funny, I love it," said Connie.

"I love Dr. Seuss," said Judy. "And the cat, too, even though I have a bird at home."

"I love this funny cat," said Posey.

"I like to look at the story and pictures together," said Paul.

"It's easy to read," said Tom.

"The book is nice. But I think I like 'Winnie the Pooh' better. But this is just as good," said Posey. "In fact, it's better."

And when they were asked if they would rather read a good book to themselves or watch television, the vote came in: Five votes for books; *no* votes for television. One vote for: reading a book at the same time TV is on!

THE TEST WAS OVER: An overwhelming victory for Dr. Seuss and Random House.

But just as we were ready to slink away Paul began to tell a story he was getting ready to write of his own.

"Once there was this scientist," he began. "He was terribly upset because he wanted to create an invisible monster named 'Fallucia' . . ."

We were saved from total defeat, at least.

Not *one* of the major words he used was on the list! —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1237)

WALTER LORD:
DAY OF INFAMY

Most of the crew howled banzais—"An air attack upon Hawaii! A dream come true!" The fliers were now pampered by everybody—daily baths, special rations of fresh milk and eggs. Despite the Shinto cult, these were promptly converted into American milkshakes.

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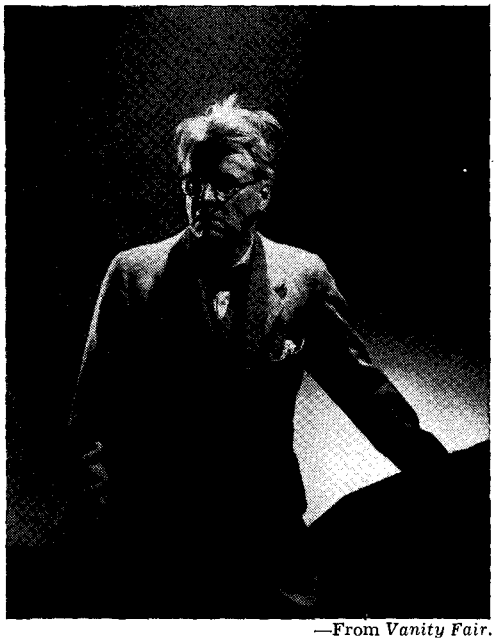
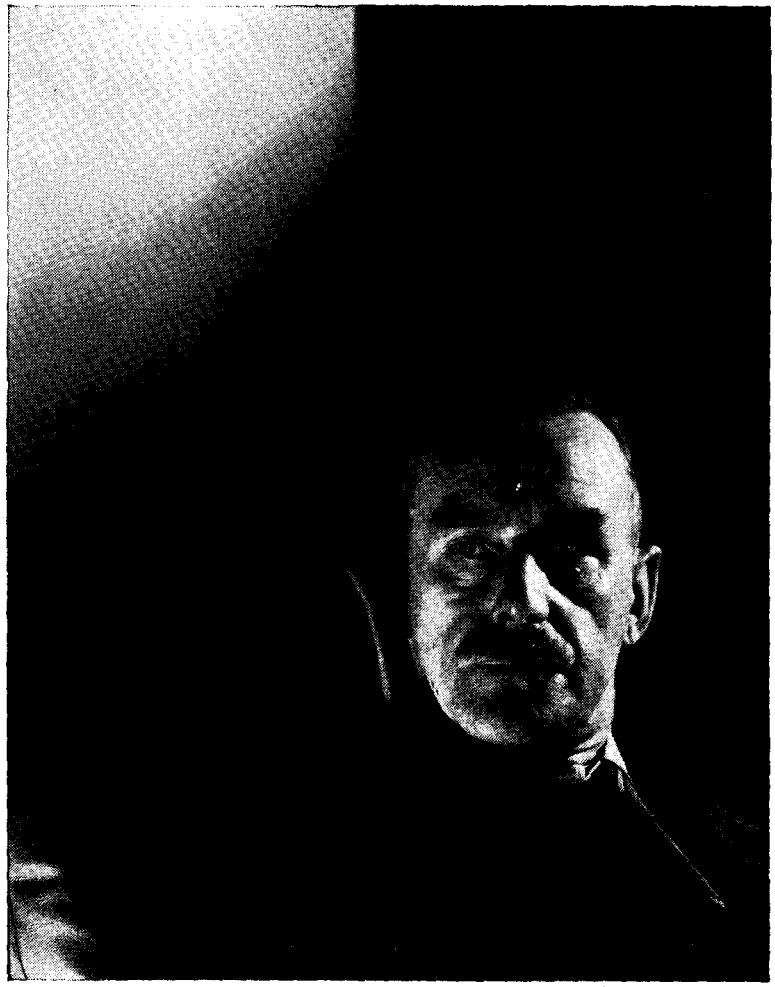


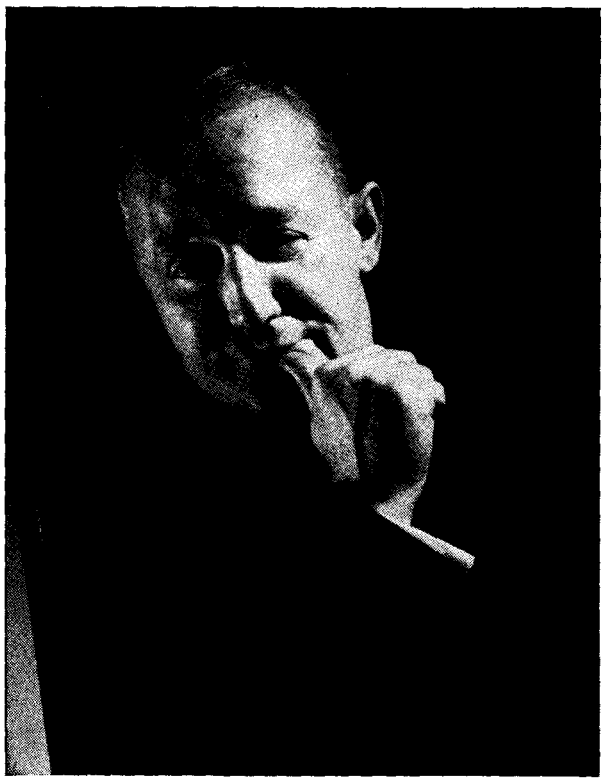
—From *Vanity Fair.*

W. B. Yeats, 1932—"frazzled and overwhelmed by New York."



—From *Vanity Fair.*

Thomas Mann, 1934—"a conscious but distinguished contradiction between a man and his work."



—From *Vanity Fair.*

George M. Cohan, 1933—"lovable, sweet person with warm-hearted questions."

Maurice Maeterlinck, 1902—"the puzzle of the mystic inquirer into unknowables within the framework of a big hunk of a man."

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Steichen

Continued from page 10

tion: photographs of lovers embracing and parting, some laughing nuns on a carrousel, a girl in India being seen in a mirror for the first time by her bridegroom, a soldier with haunted eyes in Korea, a happy little girl splashing in a New England pond. "They tell the everyday story of man," Steichen said. "His aspirations, his hopes, his loves, his foibles, his greatness, his cruelty, his compassion, his relations to his fellow man."

For the opening of "The Family of Man" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, Carl Sandburg wrote an eloquent statement of what Steichen was striving to say through the exhibition. "Often the faces speak," the poet wrote, "what words can never say. . . . Homely faces of majesty carved and worn by love, prayer, and hope . . . . Faces having land and sea on them, faces honest as the morning sun flooding a clean kitchen with light, faces crooked and lost and wondering . . . profiles in an instant of agony . . . faces of music in gay song or a twist of pain. . . . Some of them are worth a long look now and deep contemplation later."

The showing was hailed by guests and critics alike as a milestone in photography. Following its New York showing in January 1955 it toured this country and went abroad, drawing record crowds everywhere. But when someone suggested that this must be a source of great satisfaction to Steichen, he snorted, "Satisfaction! Who can ever be satisfied?" He remembered the 2 million pictures he had searched.

It is the unending quest that has been the key to the full and fruitful life of Steichen. Perhaps he came by his restlessness in part from mobile parents. Born in Luxembourg in 1879, Steichen was brought to this country when he was eighteen months old. In Luxembourg families were judged by the size of their manure piles, which indicated the number of cows they possessed. His parents wanted a better standard for their son. They came to America and settled in Michigan, where his father was a copper miner and his mother worked as a milliner. Later they moved to Wisconsin.

EARLY in Edward's schooldays the teacher instructed the class to copy a drawing. Unseen by the teacher, Edward traced the picture, producing a likeness so exact that the instructor told the Steichens they had an artistic genius on their hands. "Of course, that settled my future career," he laughs. "Now my problem was to live up to a reputation I had not earned."

Steichen's photographic career began under his mother's kitchen table. She helped him make his first darkroom by draping a blanket over the table, and soon the youngster was producing excellent photographs of his family and friends. His first real job was working as a lithographic designer in Milwaukee.

THEN in 1900, at the age of twenty-one and already looking for new ventures, he headed for Paris. He stopped off briefly in New York, where at a camera club he encountered the famous Alfred Stieglitz and showed him some of his paintings and photographs. Stieglitz studied the young artist's work and, to encourage the young photographer, bought three of his photos for $5 each, establishing a formula which Steichen now follows. "Whenever I see the work of a promising young photographer I always buy three of his pictures for the same price—$5 each," Steichen says.

The tall, lanky young American with the broad-brimmed hat and flowing black cravat soon became a familiar figure in Paris art circles. His photographs, misty and shadowed, began to attract attention. This effect, often mistaken for painting, he achieved by moving his camera slightly or even spitting on the lens. In Paris and London Steichen gained his first recognition when an American, F. Holland Day, organized an exhibition of U. S. photographers to be shown abroad.

Once he was recognized as a top photographer, Steichen's interests broadened. He began to study painting, and after some years gained a considerable reputation. Eventually his paintings were bringing as much as $5,000 each, and hung in private collections, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and other galleries.

Steichen was living on a farm at Voulangis, near Paris, spending much of his time on flower-breeding experiments, when World War I broke out. In 1917 he was commissioned a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army and put in charge of aerial photography in France. Once, with General Billy Mitchell at the controls, he flew over the German lines, leaning out of the flimsy plane to photograph enemy positions. The need for pictures of the utmost clarity forced Steichen to discard his misty technique. "The idea of precision appealed to me," he says, "and I formed an entirely new interest in photography."

With the end of hostilities Steichen returned to the farm at Voulangis,

(*Continued on page* 28)

"My analyst told me it would benefit me greatly if I could recapture some harmless childhood fantasies."

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FICTION

Tap Day for Storytellers

"The Best American Short Stories of 1957," edited by Martha Foley *(Houghton Mifflin. 349 pp. $4), is the latest in the annual selections of outstanding short fiction gathered by a veteran anthologist and editor.*

By William Peden

PERHAPS the most striking features of Martha Foley's newest collection of short stories are the absence of stories concerned with the larger problems besetting the world at large and the number of effective stories concerned with the immediate problems of young people. It is also no longer fashionable, apparently, for the literary magazines to publish fiction in the "Bad Seed" tradition of the *child-as-monster*. To the contrary, stories like William Langdon's "The Blue Serge Suit" or Rosanne Smith Robinson's "The Impossible He" owe much of their power to their sympathetic depiction of essentially "normal" young people confronted by problems no more formidable than obtaining a suit to wear to a high school commencement, or rebuffing the advances of an over-ardent movie-date. Perhaps the best of these stories is Gordon Woodward's "Escape to the City," a moving portrayal of a young boy's devotion to his older brother (though I wonder why this story by a Canadian, with a Canadian setting, and originally published in a Canadian magazine, was included in this annual collection of American short fiction. Either Miss Foley's biographical notes are misleading, or the story has no place here).

Martha Foley—"her 'Bests' are musts."

Interesting work by several new or relatively new writers is another highlight of Miss Foley's 1957 "Best," headed by an exciting "first" story, "To the Wilderness I Wander," by twenty-eight-year-old Frank Butler of Nashville, Tennessee, and a violent historical romance-in-miniature by Walter Clemons of Houston, Texas. Among the better-known authors included are Nelson Algren with his highly individualistic "Beasts of the Wild" and Nancy Hale with "A Summer's Long Dream." Three former O. Henry Memorial Award winners are represented by what are perhaps the three most impressive stories in the volume, all Southern in setting and two of them presenting Negroes as the main characters: Flannery O'Connor's "Greenleaf," Harris Downey's "The Song," and Thomas Mabry's "Lula Borrow." Conspicuous by their absence are good stories by Jean Stafford, John Cheever, and William Faulkner, to name a few eligibles whom Miss Foley has ignored.

Two of Miss Foley's choices are about madness. As a teacher of English, this reviewer doesn't know whether to be appalled or amused at the fact that the protagonists-going-mad belong to his own branch of the profession. Each story, incidentally, takes its title from a late Elizabethan lyric about Tom of Bedlam; but whether this signifies anything more or less than a revival of interest in Renaissance poetry would be difficult to determine.

One has a tendency to take for granted the devoted labor which goes into the production of such an anthology. Whether one agrees or disagrees with many of Miss Foley's selections and omissions, her annual "Bests" are books we simply can't do without. Once again her choices indicate the conspicuous failure of the mass circulation American magazine. Almost all of the stories in this collection come from the smaller quarterlies or the magazines like *The Atlantic Monthly* or *The New Yorker*, which have seldom sacrificed quality for gate receipts; *The Hudson Review*, *The Paris Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *Quixote* lead the way with two entries each.

Henri Troyat—"methodical accuracy."

French Homespun

"Amelie and Pierre," by Henri Troyat *(translated by Mary V. Dodge. Simon & Schuster. 338 pp. $4.50), the second volume of a projected four-volume work entitled "The Seed and the Fruit," tells of the ups-and-downs of a group of French petty bourgeois at the end of World War I.*

By Frances Keene

WHEN Pierre came home on leave,

> they all treated him like a hero, although he felt like an escaped prisoner. Eager faces turned toward him in the cigarette smoke . . . Pierre smiled, said a few words, shook his head. He would have loved to satisfy them by talking in the style of the newspapers they read [but] a trench separated him from the people who had come to listen . . . Anything he could say would sound false to them. Thirsty for heroic or comic stories, [they] prevented him from expressing himself sincerely.

Thus Henri Troyat conveys some of the frustrated aloofness which goes with being on leave, a state familiar to those who served in World War I, which was Pierre's war, or any of the subsequent wars where leaves were granted at all. And Troyat's simplicity, directness, and methodical accuracy in this as in other homespun situations are what give his work, "Amelie and Pierre," its appeal. Distinguished it is not, nor is it particularly trenchant, but it presents a panorama of lower middle-class French life with the warmth and detail of a Chardin.

This warmth and detail is all the

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more communicative to non-French readers as Troyat is, of course, a Russian. Since young manhood he has had a chance to observe his chosen country as an alert outsider—a fact which contributes heavily to his method of chronicling French life: he sees it whole, but from the outside, and there are few of the flashes of insight into a national *geist* which Giono, Mauriac, or Roger Martin du Gard scatter broadside, and as if unconsciously, throughout their novels.

The French tradition of the *roman fleuve*, roughly corresponding to the nineteenth-century four-volume novel, has no more zealous exponent than Troyat. His first marathon work, "Tant que la terre durera," has had some publishing history in this country. In 1951, Duell, Sloan & Pearce brought out Volume One under the title "My Father's House." The book told of Troyat's family life in Russia. Though it was favorably greeted, the second volume of the series did not appear until this year when Crowell, with an assist from Stendhal, issued it as "The Red and the White." This action-packed account of the revolution of 1917 is reported to be doing nicely, so that we may expect the third and final volume within a year.

Having got the roots uncovered and some of his more pressing personal recollections cleared away, Troyat then wrote a sort of thriller, "The Mountain." Not consciously timed to synchronize with the interest unleashed by the conquest of Everest, this had too much plot, was too fictional for the aficionado. As a story, it was swift, competent, though with a forced mysticism that weakened its literary appeal.

The current project is a four-volume chronicle of France in the first half of the twentieth century as reflected in the family ups-and-downs of a group of petty bourgeois, two of whom operate a workmen's bar (they are the Amelie and Pierre Mazalaigue of the title). The overall title of the work is "The Seed and the Fruit," of which this is Volume Two. Chief characters aside from the Mazalaigue couple are Amelie's adolescent brother, Denis, his teen-age pals who are apprentices, petty clerks, young soldiers, Pierre's *copins* at the front, and the cleaners and dyers, grocery store owners and wholesalers with whom the café owners do their daily business.

Troyat has sought to give this vast cast greater individual detail than the background characters had in "My Father's House," but this sincere attempt has slowed the action: after all, the war was at the front whereas in "My Father's House" and "The Red and the White" the revolution was upon us!

With the patience of Job, Troyat explores the reactions of a youngster first challenged by easy sex, of a war-weary man in the street, and of a love-hungry young wife, and he presents human frailty with compassion. But the very lack of drama which apparently marks such "typical" lives grows suspect. We recall with longing that old war-horse Zola who saw drama, tragedy, misspent energy, and thwarted hope everywhere, even among the least of these.

Troyat must be seriously examined because of his dedicated intent to give a just picture of a people not his own, but it is no unkindness to say that a good documentary would do it better and with less omniscience.

Your Literary I. Q.

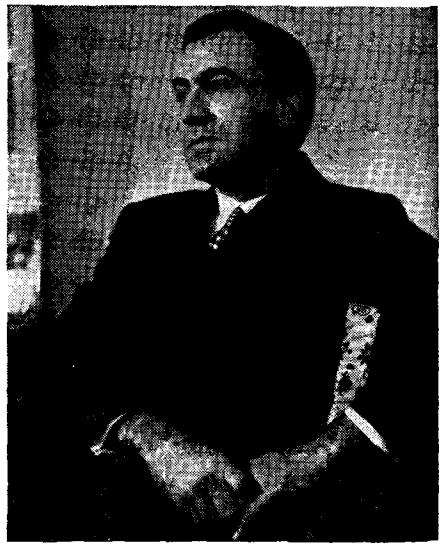
Conducted by John T. Winterich

OH, MAN!

Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, asks you to identify the authors of ten fictional works whose titles begin with the same three words. Answers on page 43.

"The Man Who
1. Was Thursday"
2. Shot Snapping Turtles"
3. Saw Through Heaven"
4. Died"
5. Was Not With It"
6. Would Be King"
7. Ate the Phoenix"
8. Sold the Moon"
9. Could Work Miracles"
10. Came to Dinner"

( ) Wilbur Daniel Steele
( ) George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart
( ) Lord Dunsany
( ) Robert A. Heinlein
( ) H. G. Wells
( ) G. K. Chesterton
( ) Edmund Wilson
( ) Herbert Gold
( ) D. H. Lawrence
( ) Rudyard Kipling



—*Bertrand de Geofroy.*

Hasan Ozbekhan—"...remains undefeated."

Proud People

"The Isle of Princes," by Hasan Ozbekhan *(Simon & Schuster. 235 pp. $3.95). is a novel about the family of Ysuf Pasha, a Turkish patriarch whose world was doomed by the reforms of Kemal Ataturk.*

By Ben Ray Redman

HASAN OZBEKHAN'S first novel is concerned with the end of a world—the world of the old Turkish aristocracy, doomed to death by the World War I and the revolutionary reforms of Kemal Ataturk. The time of the action is 1936, when Kemal's Westernizing work is nearly done; the focal point of the action is the author's own birthplace, the Isle of Princes in the Sea of Marmara, a few miles from Istanbul.

The Isle is the stronghold of Ysuf Pasha, patriarchal head of the Tekinhans, a family that have been makers of history for a thousand years. They were leaders when the Turks came storming out of Central Asia "in a torrent of neighing mares and biting, foaming stallions." A Tekinhan stood beside Alp Arslan when he won the first great Turkish victory over the Byzantines at Manzikert, in 1071; his descendants entered Constantinople in 1453 with Mehmet the Conqueror; and ever thereafter the Tekinhans have been close to their Sultan, in war and in council, so long as the Sultanate endured.

Ysuf Pasha is a worthy son of his ancestors. At the age of ninety he stands firm upon his island, clinging

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to the old ways and the old code, defying, even denying, the march of history upon the mainland. He has brought up his grandsons to defy it, too; he has brought them up to believe in the world of the island. But they know that they have been trained to believe in a dream, and that the dream must end with the death of Ysuf Pasha. Reality overtakes them, conquers them, and sends them into exile.

This is Hasan Ozbekhan's story—the story of Davud Tekinhan and his cousin Refet Aturk, and of Belkis and Nermin Tuli, the orphan girls whose coming to the island is a signal and symbol of inescapable change. It is a dual love story, complex, subtle in its nuances, tenderly told, tragic, and gently moving. The lovers are ill-starred; history is against them. "We were not made to cope," thinks Refet, "with the events that the mainland throws into our paths." And Zeki Zekeriya, the young men's old tutor, says to them: "It would be so nice if you could go. Just go away. I don't know why. Go away and be defeated somewhere else. It would be too sad to see Tekinhans defeated in this country."

There is not a stock character, a hackneyed situation, nor a commonplace line in "The Isle of Princes." It opens windows into a world that few Americans can have glimpsed before, and it celebrates the proud past of a proud people.

Hasan Ozbekhan, who now lives in the United States, and has not been "defeated," writes in English. May he continue to use the language in full vigor!

MAMA'S BOY: "Benjy" (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4), by Edwin O'Connor, billed as "a ferocious fairy tale" is what might be called a shaggy dog parable. (As a matter of fact, a shaggy Airedale named Sid figures prominently in the story.) Benjy Ballou, is a little paragon who wears a fudge-colored velvet suit and lives in Smiles, Pa., with his adoring Mummy and his cowed Daddy.

Well, little Benjy is so infernally good, what with peaching on his schoolchums and all, that a very off-beat good fairy appears and grants Benjy any wish his heart desires. The fulfillment of the wish is a far cry from Hans Andersen, but it does bring fruition to Benjy, Mummy, Daddy, and to shaggy Sid.

This rabbit punch at Mom, by the author of "The Last Hurrah," was evidently gotten up for the holiday trade—and a refreshing change it is from the usual seasonal sugarplum.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

IDEAS

God's Mourners

"The Disinherited Mind," by Erich Heller *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 306 pp. $3.75), is a collection of essays by a distinguished German scholar on the philosophical dilemma of modern man. Claude Hill, our reviewer, is a member of the German department at Rutgers, New Jersey's state university.*

By Claude Hill

FIVE years ago the Germanistic fraternity of both the Old and the New World was startled by the appearance of a truly brilliant book: a collection of essays on German literature and thought assembled under the cryptic title of "The Disinherited Mind."

Originally published in England, later rewritten in German, the provocative study has since brought its author, Austrian-born Professor Erich Heller, to our shores as a guest lecturer at Harvard and, more recently, to the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association in Madison, Wisconsin, in September. Now the rather belated American edition of the book will finally introduce Heller to those readers in this country whose common concern, beyond the field of German literature, is modern man as he expresses himself through the medium of language. These essays far transcend the scope of what normally passes for literary scholarship in academic circles; they go straight to the essence of man's character and fate; they creatively add to the understanding of literature as a mirror of the modern soul.

What does Heller's title mean? It provides the motto for his collection of pieces that were individually conceived and separately published, and only put together under one cover afterwards. The theme is taken from one of Rilke's "Duino Elegies," where the poet laments that

> Each torpid turn of the world has such disinherited children,
> to whom no longer what's been, and not yet what's coming, belongs,

and for the American edition the author has added a second motto from the diaries of Kafka, namely:

> Yet I felt no certainty about anything, demanding from every single moment a new confirmation of my existence. . . .in truth, a disinherited son.

In other words, the main concern of Heller is the illumination of the modern dilemma of man through affidavits on the road toward disintegration. In such a context it becomes merely accidental (or is it really?) that most of these witnesses are from the German orbit, though thinkers such as Kierkegaard and Eliot are also called upon to testify.

If I understand Professor Heller correctly then, his main thesis seems to be that man has gradually lost his identity, his private harmony, so to speak, with the universe, his focus of orientation. God has abandoned him; or rather, he has abandoned God. As Nietzsche stated it: "God is dead," and this is indeed the unifying theme of much of modern literature and philosophy, from Rilke to Kafka, from Spengler to Jaspers and finally to Sartre. Heller's arch villain is empiricism with its resulting analytical approach to life in all of its aspects and, consequently, its ever larger bites at the metaphysical substance of man. What links Heller's seemingly arbitrary circle of literary personalities (including Goethe, Burckhardt, Nietzsche, Rilke, Spengler, Kafka, Kraus) is their insistence upon values rather

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than their concern with knowledge, their "active realization of certain values in the lives of men." We are, therefore, not surprised that in the core essay of the book such men as Rilke and Nietzsche, who are usually thought of as totally different, appear as secret brothers-in-arms, both intent on creating God again, or in Heller's words: "to overcome the great spiritual depression, caused by the death of God."

It is impossible to convey the depth of the author's searching analysis or the metaphorical brilliance of his dialectical style. His is a kind of intellectual whirlwind that sweeps the reader breathlessly along from one surprise view of a point hitherto assumed to be known, to the next point of view dimly lighting the horizon of that vast word-ocean called literature. The essay on Kafka's "Castle" cuts through the sticky mush of pseudo-mystical and psychoanalytical interpretations like a surgeon's knife through a malignant growth. Or the piece on Jacob Burckhardt may be mentioned as a worthy attempt to reintroduce Anglo-Saxon readers to one of the most undeservedly neglected historians of the world, whom not only Nietzsche admired so highly but to whom in our time a writer like Hermann Hesse attributed his "sound historical instincts." Karl Kraus, the Austrian satirist, is unknown to most Americans because he was never translated, but Heller, who was obviously inspired by him in person and calls him "the greatest satirist since Swift," celebrates a kind of belated mass for the Viennese grumbler.

What sets Heller's work apart from run-of-the-mill critical writing about literature—and of German literature in particular—is the author's rare fusion of moral and artistic motivations, his metaphysical base, so to speak, and I am afraid that this is precisely the reason why he is less likely to appeal to the Anglo-Saxon intellectual engulfed by analytical and empirical attitudes. It is quite possible to disagree with Heller, but no sensitive reader will escape the rare feeling of being in the company of a penetrating mind. If I have, nevertheless, a reservation, then it is a certain philosophical preponderance at the detriment of the writer as an artist in the medium of language. Rilke and Kafka are great not only because they had something to say that laid bare the heart of disinherited modern man; they are also—or primarily—great because they had the ability of creative articulation. Many may be capable of sublime emotional experience or intense intellectual speculation, but few are able to transmit their visions with propriety. It is the balance of the "what" and the "how" that makes the artist. To probe into this mystery is the business of literary criticism. Professor Heller's highly original and sensitive essays give us a foretaste of what might be in store for us if he were to attempt in his next book an answer to the age-old question: what precisely makes a writer great?

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 755

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 755 will be found in the next issue.

KACTCYCI LHX OPTN AXSHI, LHX OPTN UEJAHW DGHWC FL PJW WPNC.

—KAPUUGC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 754

No man was ever scolded out of his sins.

—COWPER.

Artist in an Alien World

***"Religion and the Rebel," by Colin Wilson** (Houghton Mifflin. 338 pp. $4), is a second book of protest against materialism by a young English writer who not long ago attracted international attention with the publication of "The Outsider."*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

IN ENGLAND Colin Wilson's previous book "The Outsider" was greeted with loud cheers. In the United States the cheers were somewhat less enthusiastic and there was a noticeable commingling of "Pooh, Poohs." For both reactions there was real justification—and so is there now for his new book, "Religion and the Rebel."

Mr. Wilson is very young in more than mere years: he is, for instance, amazed as only the young can be by the importance of his message and he is prone to cite everything he has ever read as confirming his thesis. On the other hand, he is right in pointing out that the dissenter and the rebel is so persistently the hero of the most esteemed contemporary literature as to make the fact of some great significance. Moreover, his definition of this hero (especially as it is somewhat sharpened in this new study) is illuminating: the Outsider of both his first and second books is a rebel against "the lack of spiritual tension in a materially prosperous civilization"; despite all the differences between, say, Hemingway and Joyce, Aldous Huxley and Jean-Paul Sartre, their heroes have in common "a nagging dissatisfaction with the range of their everyday experience" and "an instinctive knowledge that their range could be extended." This dissatisfaction covers a great deal of ground. At its plainest and simplest it is merely a protest against getting and spending as the be-all and end-all of human life. At its most rebellious and revolutionary this protest is the protest of Blake, of Jacob Boehme, and of various Christian saints (and the recent Aldous Huxley), who insist that materialism and common sense are not only ignoble but based upon the delusion that the material world is real at all. The Worlding and the Visionary have always existed side by side but there is real significance in the fact that in this, the richest, most prosperous, and seemingly most comfortable civilization which has ever existed, the artists in all media should be so consistently in opposition to an average citizen whose absorption in the goods with which his world supplies him is less tempered than it usually has been by a religious (or other) concern with intangibles.

Of modern man it is only a minority—but a conspicuously articulate and talented minority—which feels that it is not generally recognized that there is something lacking in our society; that for all its prosperity and for all its kindliness, generosity, and good will our society is somehow shallow and vulgar; that the vulgarity is superficially evident in the tawdriness, the lack of dignity and permanence in the material surroundings of our lives, and, more importantly, in our aims and standards of value; that we lack a sufficient sense that efficient and equitable systems of production and distribution are only a beginning as,

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for that matter, are also our ideal of democracy and our struggle for social justice. You may, as Mr. Wilson does, call this lack the lack of a religion; though perhaps even that term is not broad enough. It is a lack of a sense of what life is *for*, of any assumption that it could be "for" more than comfort and security even if these good things were conferred upon everybody. At best life would still be what Yeats is quoted as having called it: "An immense preparation for something which never happens."

That Mr. Wilson has felt all this with a fresh and convincing urgency is his claim to attention. That he has got attention is proof of a vague, uneasy, but nevertheless widespread sense of the very lacks he is insisting upon. On the other hand, his weakness is that, despite considerable youthful bluster, he himself seems unable to get beyond a certain vagueness of his own; and in both books falls back upon the desperate expedient of dumping into our laps a plethora of the most diverse quotations and then adding: "See, that is what I mean."

"In his new book," so the jacket proclaims, "Colin Wilson affirms his belief that man needs a new religion—as new and startling as Christianity in its first days." Here and there in the text there are also a few sentences specific enough to make it clear that he ranges himself with those visionaries who go the whole way in the rejection of prudence and common sense. He writes: "The Outsider's salvation lies in extremes . . . the Outsider only ceases to be an Outsider when he becomes *possessed* . . . by anything that will . . . make him have a more intense life than his own will is capable of inducing." The examples of "possession" which he gives from literature and biography are so diverse as to blur his thesis.

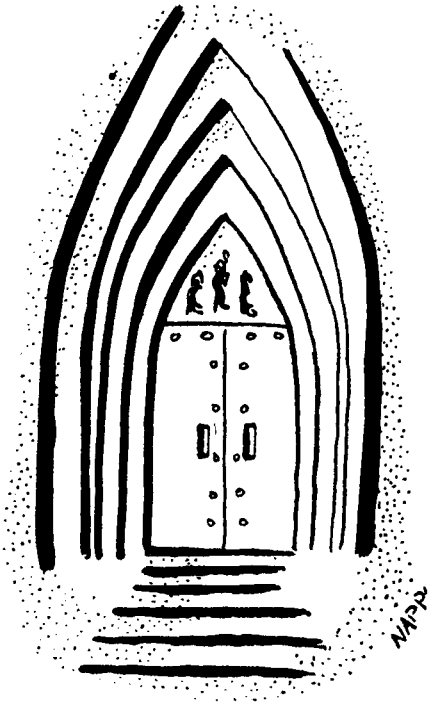
If Mr. Wilson is to achieve more than he has already achieved, more, that is to say, than simply to arouse interest in his thesis, he must stop running off in all directions. Now that he has transferred the contents of his impressive commonplace book to the pages of two volumes, he should have more to say in his own person. No doubt he is right in maintaining that all Outsiders have something in common. But all the great ones have also something unique to say or some unique way of saying it. The time has come for him to explain, not merely that he is an Outsider, but also precisely what kind of an Outsider he is. It will hardly do to continue to insist only that he agrees with Christ, Bernard Shaw, Blake, Nietzsche, Joyce, Hemingway, Pascal, and many, many others.

Life With An Illusion

"The Naked God," by Howard Fast *(Praeger. 197 pp. $3.50), is the* apologia pro sua vita *of a well-known American novelist, for many years an active member of the Communist Party, who has recently defected. It is the book from which Mr. Fast's article "Notes on Leaving the Communist Party" (SR, Nov. 16) was drawn. Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard University, author of "The Vital Center," reviews it.*

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

HOWARD FAST's "The Naked God" turns out to be a better and more interesting book than one would have expected. Mr. Fast succeeded in remaining in the Communist Party long after it had ceased to attract people of decency or intelligence, at least in the West; this would argue a certain fatuity or blandness in his politics. Moreover, as a novelist, Mr. Fast has always been possessed by a sentimental vision of "the people"—a vision whose essentially patronizing quality has been emphasized by effusions of spuriously poetic rhetoric; and this too would argue against his ability to see himself any more clearly than he has seen politics. Nor is "The Naked God" by any means free of fatuity, blandness, or sentimentality. It has all these things in abundance. Yet it manages to convey, in the end, the impression of a man who has undergone genuine torment; and also, for all its random and repetitious quality, it gives a vivid and terrifying picture of what commitment to the Communist movement means to a writer.



Though Mr. Fast did not become a card-holder until 1943, he first fell into the Communist orbit in the early Thirties when he worked as a messenger in a Harlem branch of the New York Public Library. He broke with his Communist friends in 1939 when Stalin made his pact with Hitler. But four years later, convinced of the proposition that "the truest and most consistent fighters" in the struggle against fascism were the Communists, Fast joined the party. Almost from the first, he now claims (and enough other Communists had the same experience so we may suppose it to be true), he was uneasy in the party; from the first he was confronted with a series of personal compromises and disenchantments. But he had made a momentous bargain with history, and he was prepared to accept the consequences. "If any reader imagines that out of the act of joining the Communist Party there comes either internal peace or happiness," Fast writes in one of his best passages, "he is mistaken. In all truth, one sells his soul, accepting the proposition that thus will mankind be redeemed."

For the next decade, Mr. Fast lived in what he now regards as a nightmare. Yet for years, the Communist hope sustained him, until finally the secret Khrushchev speech precipitated his accumulating doubts and resentments. The corruption of the Communist hope, in Mr. Fast's view, sprang from the "fanatical worship of dogmatized means and an increasing inability to comprehend the ultimate end." And this corruption now seems to him inevitable, given the structure of the Communist party and the success of Communist magic in preventing anyone from looking nakedly on the Communist reality. The interior dynamics of this organized tension, Mr. Fast writes, tended toward two very different goals—"a power-hungry, dictatorial, inhuman, and anti-

(*Continued on page* 43)

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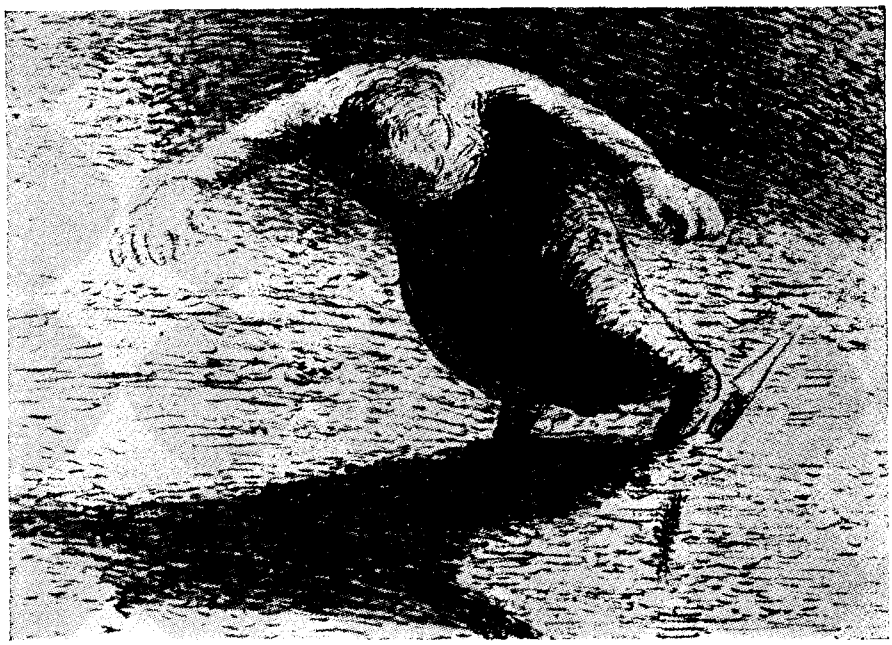

—From "The German Expressionists."

"The Dead Day—Der Tote Tag" by Ernst Barlach and "Head of a Girl—Mädchenkopf" by Karl Hofer—"developed a more abstract style."

Flowering East of the Rhine

"German Expressionist Painting," by Peter Selz *(University of California Press. 379 pp. $18.50),* ***"The German Expressionists," by Bernard S. Myers*** *(Praeger. 401 pp. $15),* ***"German Expressionism and Abstract Art," by Charles L. Kuhn*** *(Harvard University Press. $8.75), and* ***"Modern German Painting," by Hans Konrad Roethel*** *(translated by Desmond and Louise Clayton. Reynal. 104 pp. $7.50), are new books on one of the most important contemporary art movements. Our reviewer, W. R. Valentiner, is director of the North Carolina Museum of Art.*

By W. R. Valentiner

THE sudden rise of the German Expressionists in the taste of the American public is an unusual phenomenon. One is reminded of Schopenhauer's prediction that creative artists are not recognized until thirty years after their death. The first generation of the German Expressionists, born in 1880, did indeed end about 1935. It is true that the Museum of Modern Art arranged an exhibition of German art as early as 1931, but the influence upon artists and public was slight. Then, as Charles L. Kuhn says: after 1937 came the general exodus of German artists to the New World which "had an incalculable effect on American design and design training . . . German scholars and art dealers contributed much to our understanding . . . and many of the great paintings and sculptures formerly in German museums are now to be seen in American public and private collections."

In the meantime, the masterpieces of French Impressionism had become rare in the art market, and the endeavor of some dealers to replace them by second-class works did not satisfy collectors and the public. But the change in taste had a deeper significance. Impressionism no longer corresponded to the ideas of the progressive American painters, who were striving for a more profound spiritual expression, a tendency for which the name "Abstract Expressionism" was found. And here appears the relationship to German Expressionists, who, in the second generation also developed a direction towards a more abstract style.

The publication of "Modern German Painting," by Hans Konrad Roethel, which is the only one translated from the German among the four works here reviewed, is called on the jacket the first book on modern German paintings in English. However, it happens that three other books, written by American college professors, appeared at exactly the same moment, to which should be added the Catalogue of the Museum of Modern Art of the great Exhibition of Modern German Painting, with its elaborate, excellent introductions.

In "German Expressionism and Abstract Art: The Harvard Collection," Charles L. Kuhn shows how well in advance two museums, the Busch-Reisinger Museum under his own guidance, and the Fogg Art Museum under the guidance of Jacob Rosenberg, have collected modern German art. Two illuminative essays by these two directors preface the carefully prepared catalogue.

But the two most important of these publications are: "The German Expressionists," by Bernard S. Myers, and "German Expressionist Painting," by Peter Selz. Each of these books, with almost four hundred pages of text and hundreds of illustrations, may be considered a standard work. Having been produced by college professors, they have the advantage of being clearly and instructively written. Those who want to be best informed on the period of Expressionism from 1905 to 1918 should read the carefully documented book by Selz; those who want to get a survey of this epoch with short biographies of

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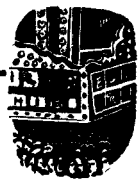


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

War of Nerves

THROUGHOUT the past year the American film press has been bombarded with weekly communiques datelined Ceylon, fat and heavy releases detailing the slow advance toward completion of Sam Spiegel's $3,000,000 production of **"The Bridge on the River Kwai"** (Columbia). There were reports of an entire train hand-hauled twenty-five miles through Ceylon's forests, a great bridge built expressly for the purpose of blowing it up, the impressive logistics of housing, feeding, and maintaining a company of hundreds in one of the remoter corners of the world. Even though experience has counseled caution when faced with the paid enthusiasms of the publicity people attached to a costly spectacular, nevertheless the very caliber of the talents involved in this project—as well as the magnitude of the project itself—commanded respect. William Holden, Alec Guinness, and Jack Hawkins headed the large Anglo-American cast (along with a sprinkling of Japanese and Siamese actors). The director was David Lean, a man who has often demonstrated that, given a good script, he can rank with the best of them.

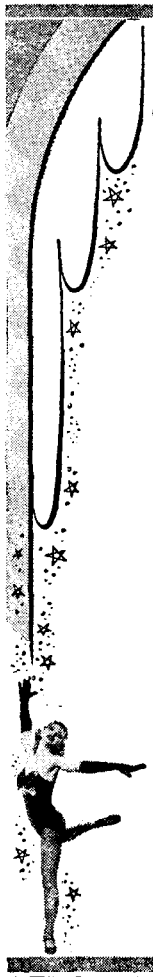
Pierre Boulle, the author, was accorded the rare privilege of adapting his own book to the screen. And Spiegel, the producer of such films as "The African Queen" and "On the Waterfront," has repeatedly proven his ability to select top talents and blend them effectively.

It is pleasant to report that for once high anticipations have been handsomely realized. Unlike so many of the multimillion-dollar super-spectacles, which seem to equate sheer bulk with entertainment value, "Kwai" starts out with something important to say, something to prove. "War is madness," is M. Boulle's central theme—a madness that afflicts conquered and conquerors alike. And all the time, all the money, sweat, and inspiration expended on this production have gone into the elaboration of this theme into an affecting, dramatic, suspenseful motion picture. It may be argued with some justice that there is more than a shadow of knowing showmanship to the film—the tawdry romantic interlude involving Holden and a Navy nurse, the unlikely bevy of Siamese beauties who carry commando supplies through steaming jungles and pause decoratively for a bath *au naturel* beneath a picturesque waterfall. On the other hand, it can also be argued that without these moments the mounting tension of the story line might well have proved unbearable. After all, not everyone would wittingly pay money for 161 minutes of sheer agony.

But if the details of this vast film are harrowing—the horrors of a Japanese prison camp during World War II, the perils of escape through rapids and jungles, the arduous labor of building the bridge, and the no less arduous efforts of the commandoes to blow it up—the sentiments that sustain the men throughout their endeavors are the purest. Guinness, the colonel who heads a depleted battalion of British POW's, places the morale of his men above all personal considerations. Sessue Hayakawa, the commandant of the prison camp, obeys without question the commands passed on to him from higher echelons. Hawkins, the leader of the commandoes, is equally dedicated to the mission assigned him. Even Holden, cynical and self-seeking at the outset, gradually comes to find satisfaction in working as part of a team with a clear plan and purpose. And yet, as M. Boulle's admirable script makes clear, no matter how pure the motives, if the ends are mean and ignoble the result is nothingness. Destruction, he points out, is the purpose of war—and such a purpose can only lead to the destruction of the fine, brave men caught up in war as well.

DAVID LEAN'S direction, while never obscuring this philosophic base, gives the film an aura of high adventure by pacing it in the tempo of an action picture. Each incident, imaginatively staged and tersely edited, leads swiftly to the nerve-wracking finale, the blowing up of the bridge. The exotic sounds, sights, and colors of Ceylon enhance the film's sensual appeal. The playing—especially of Guinness and Hayakawa as proud, obsessed, opposing martinets—is overwhelmingly effective; they make their forbidding characters understandably human. "The Bridge on the River Kwai" was a formidable undertaking—a spectacular film on a serious theme. That it delivers its message so pointedly and excitingly is a real tribute to the many skilled film makers involved in its production.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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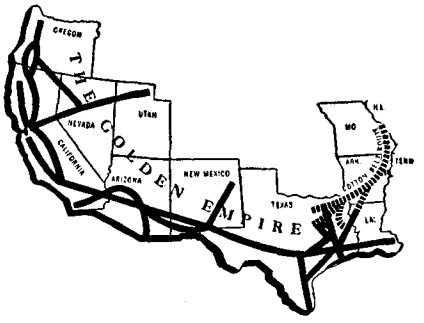

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Tourist in Manhattan

WITH only 180 shopping days left before summer arrives, we find ourselves in receipt of a letter from Royal W. Ryan, executive vice president of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau who deposes and says, "What is it about New York City that attracts more vacation visitors than any other resort, city, or country in the world? There is no one answer, of course," continues Mr. Ryan, "for New York means different things to different people."

Well, we were about to tell Mr. Ryan, at the end of last summer, just what New York meant to us. We were about to say that now that summer was over we were hoping we would stop being told that "New York Is a Summer Festival," a very catchy slogan fetched up by Mr. Ryan's very astute bureau. But truth to tell New York means far different things to us than it does to the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau. We think New York is a summer shambles. We think it is overpriced, overcrowded, and under-disciplined, and we can't help but wonder if the out-of-towners who coursed its boulevards last summer returned to their homes happy and contented or irate and outraged.

About 85 per cent of all domestic vacations in America are taken in the family car. It puzzles me just what a visitor who comes to New York in his automobile does with the car while he's here. New Yorkers who own automobiles and pay anywhere from $35 to $70 a month for garaging it have long known that it is economic suicide, not to mention utterly nerve-shattering, to venture into midtown behind the wheel. In the first place, a day's parking at a midtown garage of moderate price will run at least $2.50. But that is only until the early evening hours. Anybody parking in the Times Square area long enough to have dinner on a Saturday night will be required to pay anywhere from $2 to $2.50 to park his car while he eats. To view a special Sunday performance at a legitimate Broadway theatre the other night this tourist was parted from $1.75 for the privilege of leaving his vehicle in an open lot from half-past eight until eleven-ten. New York parking-lot prices are at least triple the cost of any city ever visited by this department.

Even in the matter of parking meters New York manages to outdo everyone else. While meters in other municipalities, even neighboring ones, ask for pennies and nickels, New York extracts a dime an hour, sometimes a dime for half an hour. But even trying to get through a street, much less find a place at the curb, is running an obstacle course that would shatter the nerves of a paratrooper. Although there is a statute of recent vintage on the books that makes double parking a $15 fine, the Police Department seems loathe to enforce it, and we for one would like to hear why. Inching our way through 58th Street the other Saturday night we counted fourteen cars double parked between Sixth and Fifth Avenues, leaving one narrow lane for any tourist trying to travel eastward. If a cab or car stopped to discharge a passenger the entire line came to a halt and gradually backed traffic across Sixth Avenue.

THE New York notion that cars left in the hands of a doorman can be double-parked in the street is one local custom that doesn't attract us at all. We think it's an outright racket. Once, when we lived on 58th Street, we used to watch with some amazement, come Saturday evening, when the doorman of a Latin night club called the Chateau Madrid staked out his claim to much of the public street using signs borrowed from the mortuary next door which read "Funeral Today—No Parking." When the first customer came by automobile the doorman parked it so that it would occupy two spaces, thus keeping the curb space for the paying customers who would soon arrive.

There is another notion hereabouts which Mr. Ryan in his campaign to attract visitors to New York might like to bring to somebody's attention. And that is the peculiar idea that a large black Cadillac double-parked in front of a department store, or the Parke Bernet art galleries on Madison Avenue during a Saturday auction, or in front of such restaurants as The Colony, Quo Vadis, The Stork Club, and Twenty-One does not constitute the same obstruction to the flow of traffic as an old unattended jalopy.

Of course, there are a multitude of signs that prohibit parking in New York. They allocate unobstructed, car-free curb space to church and temple entrances, to schools (other-

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wise children might dart out from behind parked cars), to bus stops (almost half a block in most cases). There are signs that say one may not park on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from eleven until two, and others across the street which prohibit it on alternate days (for street cleaning). Some places are designated "tow-away zones" and some are hack stands, and other insist that there is to be "No Standing" during business hours. The city has spent enough on signs to put up another low-cost housing development, and yet it adds to the markers every day. A new one has appeared, "No Parking —Construction." The other day on 51st Street, under the shadow of such signs, and all around the local police station, cars were parked oblivious of the law. Were they owned by citizens who are beyond it?

All this is not to say that the police are not doing their duty. Why, only a few months ago the constabulary was making a concerted drive against all-night parkers in Stuyvesant Town, a development a good twenty-five blocks away from the congested mid-town area. Just to see they weren't playing favorites, the law awarded four tickets, returnable at $15 each, to a paraplegic who parked his car near his home in Stuyvesant Town. The tickets were tied to the windshield wiper just under the official dispensation which allegedly gives this unfortunate person the right to park anywhere.

The truth of it all seems to be that parking tickets, which come in two colors in New York (beige: $5 and green: $15) are not being used for their rightful intention: traffic enforcement. They are a system of taxation and they are a taxation on a body of citizens who are already paying gas taxes, sales taxes on gas, sales taxes on cars and spare parts, auto use taxes, and bridge, tunnel, and highway tolls. The fact that these taxes are themselves frequently appropriated to meet other civic and state liabilities may, to car owners, prove the source of a separate outrage. The automobilist on his way to spend a happy time in New York had better know that he runs the risk of coming a cropper in a system that uses technicalities in the parking laws as a means of taxation, and at the same time ties traffic in knots by allowing the most telling violations to go unpunished. And the state of near-anarchy that exists on the streets drives tourist and resident alike to the pirates of the parking lots who must have a license but are not required to possess a conscience.

Of course, not every tourist who comes to New York in Summer looking for a Festival arrives by car. Some

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come by plane. Lately, the Port of New York Authority with great fanfare has thrown open its new arrivals building at Idlewild International Airport, and at last visitors from abroad will not derive their initial impression of the United States from the shanties with which the largest city in the world has been receiving its air travelers since the air age swamped it shortly after the end of the war. Of course, the departure buildings will still be the same for some time to come.

Thus, in a way, we are making an effort at more comfortable airport arrivals for large airplanes and for overseas aircraft. Asked why we are so late in this venture, far behind such lesser cities as San Juan, Mexico City, Zurich, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and St. Louis, to mention merely a few that spring immediately to mind, a Port of New York Authority spokesman was saying the other day that every time the planners got a set of plans drawn the air age, growing so fast, had rendered them obsolete. Why other cities did not suffer from myopic foresight wasn't explained.

Of course, this airport advancement in New York hardly helps the tourist coming here from the rest of the United States. Most domestic travelers land at La Guardia Airport, which wasn't exactly adequate ten years ago. A couple of months ago the civic dreamers got together and announced —it occurred to us that the announcement was a little tardy—that they were about to overhaul La Guardia. The whole thing will be in grand shape, we have been assured, in five years' time.

Only the railroads who are habitually accused of a marked lack of imagination were visionary enough to provide, years ago, facilities which are still adequate today. Visitors arriving by train may flinch at our porter costs—twenty-five cents a bag might run up a dandy bill for a man with a family in tow—but in New York that's the way the nickel trickles.

In writing to us Mr. Ryan says he is working on plans for the 1958 Summer Festival in New York. Says he, "While millions of people have discovered the pleasures of vacationing in New York City, many millions more have never had . . . the thrill of being in a city where something new is happening every day." We commend to the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau last year's tourist figures for the city of Paris which has lately gained a reputation for soaking and insulting the tourist. For 1958 they showed a loss of over 20 per cent. —HORACE SUTTON.

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TV AND RADIO

"Don't Forget This Tomorrow"

THE final item on the two-hour show with which General Motors celebrated its fiftieth anniversary was the touching scene from "Our Town" in which the young woman, untimely dead, returns to her birthday party of years ago and can be seen by her parents only as she was. As she leaves them she wonders whether people "ever realize life while they live it, every minute." The camera left the scene and picked up Kirk Douglas, the M.C., who seemed to be so held by what we had been seeing that he had to force himself to turn away. Then he said, "Don't forget this tomorrow," and the program was over. Credits and a brief commercial were still to come, but with that one simple sentence, without a trace of the grandiose, asking us to remember a theme and not a sponsor, an extraordinarily fine program came to an impressive end.

One of the great pleasures in saluting this achievement is that in doing so I am with everyone else, with every critic and, I trust, with the public. (I haven't seen the ratings yet, but if the audiences didn't flock to and stay with this program something drastic will have to be done—to the public.) Without exception the reviews have been enthusiastic, and without exception they have centered on the right element: Miss Helen Deutsch, the writer.

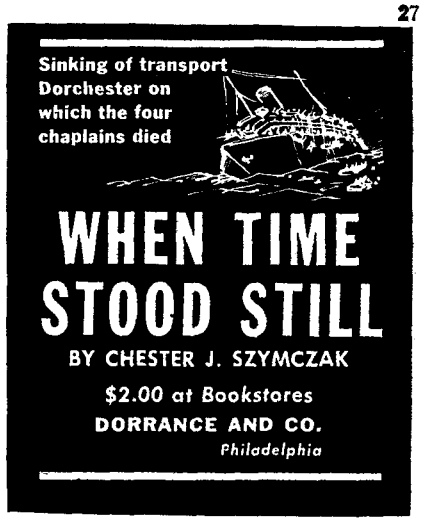
There is, of course, no merit in keeping one's hands off a bad script, although usually the tampering results in several kinds of badness instead of one. In this case, we had a central idea agreed upon *before* production started, before staff and stars were engaged, and the production scheme was to embody and show forth the idea, getting those people to work who would do this, and not to alter the concept to suit their capacities. This is the major point: a clear concept was preserved, a unity of theme.

Within that unity, much latitude was given to Miss Deutsch. Called "The Pursuit of Happiness," the theme really came from the words in "Our Town" I have quoted. Miss Deutsch not only showed us moments we often fail to enjoy to the full; she showed us, wrily and satirically, how the effort to get enjoyment can backfire. She had Eddie Bracken buying twenty books on enjoyment and showed him also in a slapstick version of "togetherness" trying to read "Hiawatha" to his rebellious family. She had a romantic scene between young lovers, and a moment later played it again as it really was. She had a scene of distracted and noisy family life, and another which was really about middle-age in which Claudette Colbert was, as she always is, true to the inner meaning of her material.

The freshness of approach was marked, for me, by a long sequence of film shots called "Symphony of the Senses"—shots of flowers or of buildings or rivers or riveters (I cannot remember them exactly, but I remember the effect). Whatever our senses could be reminded of through the eye (and wonderful color film it was) came through—just a flow of pictures with a minimum of comment. The program declared itself in this segment—it was going to say something and if, at moments, the something was not going to apply a hotfoot to your nerves, it was still going to be shown. (The film was made by an old master in the genre, Willard Van Dyke.)

THE goodness of this program comes after a number of pretentious failures to make good. There have been shows with more stars and some with more talented stars, too. What are the elements which made this one so superior? It is not that the writer had control of the material. It is that the material—wherever it came from—dominated the show. And, after that, intelligence which showed itself particularly in the variations of mood, in allowing humor and sentiment, beauty and hilarity, all to have their place. The whole thing was perhaps twenty minutes too long, and my choice of the soft spots for cutting would not coincide with the judgment of the producers, I am sure. But a program that encompassed so much is entitled to its tiny aberrations. I hope that those who need to benefit by the lesson of the G.M. show will not be misled.

In a very small way (two minutes vs. G.M.'s two hours) Steve Allen recently had a refreshing bit of production on his show: a quartet sang against a backdrop of surrealist film —unreal and delectable shapes floating about them. I recognized the work of Mary Jane Bute—a pioneer in this sort of thing whose talents should be more often used. —GILBERT SELDES.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Steichen: Dissatisfied Genius

Continued from page 12

completely depressed by the monstrosity of war. "I wanted to associate my life more closely with that of my fellow man," he says, "and decided that the medium of photography would take me closer." Now regarding his paintings as "high-grade wallpaper with a frame around it," he built a fire and heaved $50,000 worth of them, the fruit of ten years' labor, into the flames. "Every now and then a man owes himself a good swift kick in the pants," he says philosophically.

Steichen reapprenticed himself to the study of photography. Locking himself up with his photographic equipment, he began experimenting. "I am as determined as the tides of the sea," he said, "and as patient as the Roman Catholic Church." He photographed a white cup and saucer more than 1,000 times, and the knowledge he gained became like something in his bloodstream—he did not have to stop and think about fundamentals. From such tedious experiments he evolved a new technique using brilliant lighting and extreme contrasts for an effect of sculptured clarity. It exerted an enormous influence on photography of the era.

Returning to America, Steichen began photographing fashions for *Vanity Fair,* later worked for an advertising agency. Soon he was making $50,000 a year shooting sunburned arms for Jergens Lotion, beds for Simmons, photomurals for Radio City. Fiercely proud of his profession, he says: "I was never ashamed of using my talents to make money. I feel that all art is commercial—no one creates anything just to put it away and forget it."

Strangely, Steichen's recognition as a portrait photographer came almost by accident. Around 1902, J. P. Morgan had commissioned a German artist named Fedor Encke to paint his portrait. However, he gave the artist so little time at each sitting that Encke, in desperation, sent for a photographer to get a photograph he could paint from. Then Steichen arrived to take the picture. Warned of the financier's impatience, the young photographer posed a janitor in Morgan's chair while he experimented with lights and angles. Finally, when Morgan arrived, Steichen seated him and shot two pictures immediately. Gruffly Morgan peeled off five $100 bills and told the painter to give them to "that young fellow who seems to know what he's doing."

WHEN Morgan saw the now-celebrated photographs, glowering, massive, and fierce, he was displeased. Stanford White, the noted architect, described Morgan's eyes in these pictures as looking like "the headlights of a locomotive" and his clenched hands as "seeming to hold an invisible dirk." Encke's painting of Morgan, based on the picture touched up by Steichen, was forgotten; but the other unretouched photograph became famous.

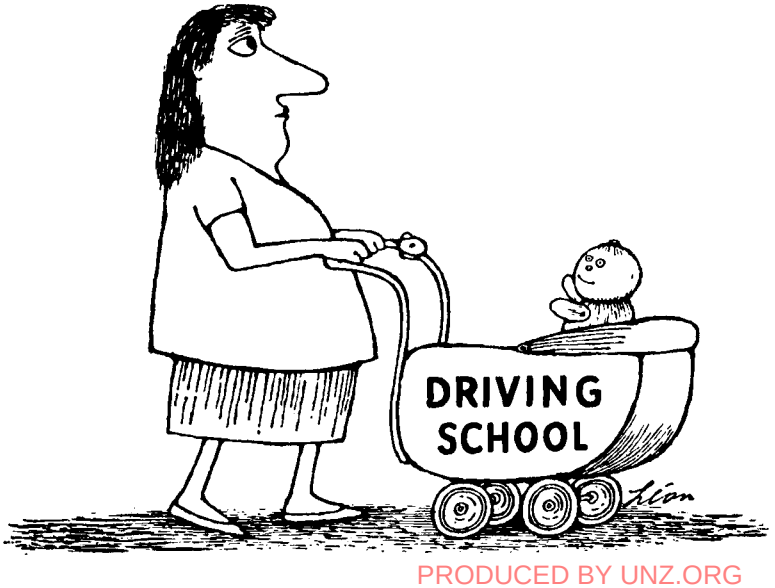
In 1938, one year short of sixty, Steichen announced his retirement. He closed his studio on East 63rd Street in New York (where he had resourcefully solved the parking problem with a huge freight elevator which enabled him to take his Ford roadster up to his third floor studio and park near the reception desk) and retired to his 400-acre farm at Redding, Connecticut, to grow his beloved delphinium. There, starting with the seeds he had rescued from his farm in France, and with the seeds of wild species from all parts of the world, he worked for years patiently breeding new strains of delphinium. No more satisfied than he was with his efforts in photography, Steichen took ordinary delphinium that grew flower spikes eighteen inches high, and bred blossoms that measured four to five feet.

For the second time his peaceful experiments with flowers were fated to be interrupted by war. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Steichen, although then sixty-two, enlisted in the Navy and was commissioned a lieutenant commander in charge of all naval combat photography with 4,000 photographers under him.

His group captured through photography a sweeping and indelible portrait of some of the epic naval and air battle of the Pacific. He was aboard the carrier *Lexington* when she was hit by an enemy torpedo and badly damaged in the battle of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. A photographic officer has given a vivid account of some of Steichen's exploits while photographing in action. On one occasion, while Steichen was photographing landings on the carrier, one plane made a faulty landing, bounced on the edge of the deck, careened across the signal platform, and fell into the sea. Steichen continued shooting the plane until he was knocked into a safety net by signal officers diving out of the way of the plane. "I think I got it," he shouted. "I think I got a good shot just as it passed over us!"

The crucial battles of the Pacific Steichen and his crew of six enlisted men, coached by him, recorded magnificently in the motion picture "The Fighting Lady," as well as in a picture book "The Blue Ghost." These photographs serve both as a dramatic record of the battles and as a devastating indictment of war in all its grim actuality.

When he was named photographic director of the Museum of Modern Art in 1947, Steichen gave up his own photography in order to maintain complete objectivity toward the works he must judge. But the urge to create with a camera lens grew too strong, and recently he has resumed practice—beginning what he calls his third apprenticeship in photography, while at the same time working on a new exhibition. At seventy-eight Steichen remains as restless and searching as when he first began his ceaseless quest for perfection.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Singers Forrester, Streich, Labó, and Curtis-Verna—"Agon"

SO FAR as there are certainties in musical careers, Maureen Forrester, who gave her second song recital in Town Hall early in December, would seem a certainty to have a distinguished one. The question would seem, however, in what range? Certainly not, as the program billed her, as a "contralto," for she is not that now. Possibly as a mezzo, which is her present disposition though I would suspect an eventual ascension to a higher category.

In her singing of German material, including one of the Dorumsgaard arrangements, a chorale of C.P.E. Bach, two songs of Beethoven, and Schumann's "Frauenliebe and Leben," Miss Forrester demonstrated a lovely warm sound in the F to F octave, clear brightness above, and rather a dim quality below. She could, in certain parts of the Schumann, work advantageously around the low C and B flat, but not with real freedom. The A flat in "Helft mir, ihr Schwestern" was definitely weak. But, in the best register, this was sound to make one think fondly of Kirsten Flagstad.

Miss Forrester has been well schooled, she is musicianly and an attractive person on the stage. The Bach "Jesus in Gethsmane" had an appropriate depth of feeling, but there was more than a little lack of interpretative finesse in the Schumann. For her years, Miss Forrester is already a highly accomplished singer. She could be a great one. John Newmark was her pianist.

For a singer with something of a European reputation to protect, Rita Streich made a singularly ill-advised entry with her first recital in Town Hall. For one thing, she neglected to establish what she was—a coloratura soprano with an uncommonly suave top range—before attempting to prove herself something she isn't (a lieder singer).

At first contact, the voice was thinner than anticipated, with not much color range or dynamic variety. As the evening progressed she brought more assurance to her work, and more physical support to her singing. At the point where she was singing "Grossmaechtige Prinzessin" from Strauss's "Ariadne" it was still rather breathy and wanting in body. What might have been, under circumstances, a dazzling exhibition of finesse was merely neat and rather guarded.

Versatility is well enough in its way, but it struck me that Miss Streich spread her resources rather thin in offering music in five languages (from the English of Handel's "I'll to the well-trod stage" to the Russian of Stravinsky's "Three Little Songs") rather than concentrating on basic vocal values. She cut some charming vocal filigrees in the upper C and D range of Milhaud's "Chansons de Ronsard," but the texts were all but unintelligible. Paul Ulanowsky's superb accompaniments were, in fact, the artistic pleasure of the evening.

The new singer of the Metropolitan week was Flaviano Labó, an Italian of about thirty with only about three years of professional tenorizing behind him. Despite this, his Alvaro in "Forza" showed deceptive power for a man of his slight build, a testimonial to solid production, a consistent scale, and a particularly well-managed top. It doesn't have the luxury finish of a Bjoerling or Tucker, but the tenor quality is real and ringing, with no baritonal overhang. At present Labó's stage manners incline to the provincial, but these can be altered.

It was, otherwise, an evening of good report for all concerned, from Zinka Milanov's Leonora (still one of her best parts) and Leonard Warren's Carlo to Jerome Hines's Padre Guardiano, Fernando Corena's Fra Melitone, and the Marquis de Calatrava of Norman Scott. Stiedry's direction had, truly, direction, fervor, and a welcome flush of energy.

The unfortunate personal sorrow (the death of her mother) which has saddened Renata Tebaldi's admirers and deprived the Metropolitan of her services provided for the appearance of Mary Curtis-Verna as "Aida" in the season's first matinee broadcast. With Tebaldi, the total of good singing would undoubtedly been higher: but even with her, this would hardly have been a Verdian "Aida." Carlo Bergonzi is below tolerance as a Metropolitan Radames (his gasps and glottis strokes persisted from "Celeste Aida" to "O Terra addio"). Irene Dalis is an uneven Amneris, and even Robert Merrill huffed and puffed at his Amonasro. Quite the distinguished effort of the afternoon was Giorgio Tozzi's Ramfis.

As in her "Trovatore" Leonora of last season, Miss Curtis-Verna was a variable singer, often in the course of the same aria or ensemble, depending on how it lies for her voice. She did some impressive singing in "Ritorna vincitor" and it is always good to have an Aida who can dominate the second-act finale as she did. But this power at the top is bought at the cost of richness below, the middle tending to a rather dark, unfocussed sound. As for the richness wanted in the "Nile Scene," it was—wanting. Fausto Cleva's conducting tended to confuse noise with power and haste with vitality.

IN A week of variable singing, some of the best was done by Guiomar Novaes in her performances of the Schumann Concerto with the Philharmonic directed by Andre Cluytens. This valuable artist has a better sense of cantilena and resonance than most performers whose primary study that should be, plus an encompassing command of the keyboard. Her Schumann was deeply savored and warmly recreated, in a grand tradition of her instrument. Cluytens began with a performance of Bizet's lovable C major Symphony for which, in a somewhat unaccountable choice, he used nine double-basses and as many strings as the payroll provides. This tended to make somewhat overblown the youthful vivacities of Bizet. His conception of the work was, otherwise, an appealing one.

With or without "Agon," which had its first performances lately in the City Center, the Stravinsky evening of the New York City Ballet is one of its most distinguished. Restoring "Apollo" and "Orpheo" gives us all a chance to reappraise these products of the Balanchine-Stravinsky affiliation, and providing "Firebird" (in Balanchine's reconstruction) as a conclusion relates it all to a definite point in time.

"Agon" (Greek for "games") is not formally what the title suggests, but it is as good a name as any for the highly athletic action Balanchine has devised for Stravinsky's sportive score. Taking its visual point of departure from a French dance manual of the seventeenth century, it brings down to date such venerable forms as "Sarabande," "Gailliard," "Bransle Simple," "Bransle Gay," etc., in anything but a spirit of veneration. Indeed, there are sly suggestions of jazz steps now and then that accord surprisingly with Stravinsky's acidulous but mostly entertaining score. Danced on a bare stage (the girls in black leotards and white tights, the boys in white T-shirts and black tights) it keeps both the eye and the ear absorbingly occupied. Diana Adams and Melissa Hayden, Todd Bolender and Roy Tobias were outstanding in a uniformly excellent ensemble.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE CRITICS POLL THEIR FAVORITE DISCS

ONCE again a representative group of strongminded record critics around the country has put their heads together and produced a collective opinion of what was outstanding in the 1957 record production. In view of the enormous quantity of records distributed (more, certainly, than any one person could actually hear in the time period involved), it was deemed unwise to ask for agreement on "Best" recordings in any categories. Rather, *SR*'s questionnaire asked them to identify "favorite," "most memorable," or "outstanding" items in the dozen or so categories.

Eighty-five reviewers and music editors were kind enough to respond. A dozen of them confined their answers to the pop side of the answer blank, leaving some six dozen with opinions on the classical production. Of these, nearly half—a total of thirty-two—agreed that Artur Rubinstein's playing the five Beethoven piano concerti with the Symphony of the Air directed by Josef Krips (RCA-Victor) was the outstanding product of its kind. This was by far the greatest unanimity expressed for any recording in any category, sometimes appearing in the space titled "Most Commendable Enterprise" as well as in its own category of "Orchestra with Solo Instrument." Runner-up in quantity and decisive winner in the opera category was Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," as recorded for Angel by a fine cast under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. It was the choice of twenty-five voters, and some Straussophiles who made the London "Frau Ohne Schatten" directed by Karl Böhm their first choice put "Rosenkavalier" in a bracket with it—and *vice versa*.

Not surprisingly, the double entry of "Rubinstein and Rosenkavalier, too" appeared frequently. The Rubinstein partisans were headed by Donald J. McDonald of the *Catholic Messenger* (Davenport, Iowa), with E. Clyde Whitlock of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* (Texas), Louise Evans Doole of the *Colorado Rancher and Farmer*, Oscar Smith of the *Akron* (Ohio) *Beacon Journal* in agreement, along with Leo Lerman of *Mademoiselle*, Fredson Bowers of the *Richmond* (Virginia) *Times-Dispatch*, Sim Myers of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* (Louisiana), Corbin Patrick of the *Indianapolis* (Indiana) *Star*, Norman L. Johnson of the *Courier-Journal* (Louisville, Kentucky), Martin Bookspan of the *Jewish Advocate* (Boston, Massachusetts), F. G. Ralle of the *Knoxville* (Tennessee) *News-Sentinel*, Nell Lawson of the *Buffalo* (New York) *Evening News*, Nancy Miller of the *El Paso* (Texas) *Times*, J. Albert Fracht of the *Charleston* (South Carolina) *News and Courier*, John Voorhees of the *Seattle* (Oregon) *Post-Intelligencer*, Benjamin H. Doroff of the *Syracuse* (New York) *Post-Standard*, James Cain of the *Columbus* (Ohio) *Citizen*, Ruth Tripp of the *Providence* (Rhode Island) *Journal-Bulletin*, Mrs. Bertram Taylor of the *Patent-Trader* (Mt. Kisco, New York), Ephraim Kahn of the *Army Times*, Paul Affelder of *Cosmopolitan* and the *Newark* (New Jersey) *Evening News*, Edward P. Halline of the *Milwaukee* (Wisconsin) *Sentinel*, John C. Acord, III, of the *Daily Oklahoman* (Oklahoma City, Oklahoma), Norman S. Weiser of *Family Weekly* (Chicago, Illinois), Paul Little of the *Hammond* (Indiana) *Sunday Times*, Herbert Kupferberg of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Lily May Caldwell of the *Birmingham* (Alabama) *News*, James G. Roy, Jr., of the *Selma* (Alabama) *Times-Journal*, Oscar S. Glasberg of *Post Exchange Magazine*, and Dom Cerulli of *Down Beat* (New York).

This year's award for "Mr. Cross-Section" goes to Conrad B. Harrison of the *Deseret News and Telegram* (Salt Lake City), not only for including both Rubinstein and "Rosenkavalier" in his preferences, but also for fingering such other general selections as the Monteux recordings "Firebird" and "Sacre du Printemps" (RCA) in the "favorite orchestral" category, Lipatti's "Last Recital" (Angel) among instrumental recordings, Fischer-Dieskau singing lieder (Decca and RCA), and Flagstad's Wagner recital for London. He also scored virtually a clean sweep by commending the Stokowski "Planets" and "The Orchestra" (Capitol) for their superlative sound. All of these won multiple favor among the critics generally, but none approached Harrison in naming so many on a single ballot.

His fellow partisans for "Rosenkavalier" included (in addition to some previously mentioned in the Rubinstein listing) Weldon Wallace of the *Baltimore* (Maryland) *Sun*, Ann Rush of the *Winston-Salem* (North Carolina) *Journal-Sentinel*, Col. L. R. Boals of the *Youngstown* (Ohio) *Vindicator*, A. X. Pangborn of the *Oregon* (Portland) *Journal*, Marjory M. Fisher of the *San Francisco* (California) *News*, David Kent of the *Shreveport* (Louisiana) *Journal*, Paul Sampson of the *Washington* (D.C.) *Post and Times-Herald*, Edwin Miller of *Seventeen* Magazine, Harold Schonberg of *The New York Times*, James G. Deane of the *Washington* (D.C.) *Star*, Robert C. Marsh of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Hilmar Grondahl of *The Oregonian* (Portland), William J. Swank of the *Citizen-Patriot* (Jackson, Michigan), Warren de Motte of the *Bridgeport* (Connecticut) *Sunday Herald*, and I. K. of *The Saturday Review*.

DESPITE its total unfamiliarity to the American listener, London's "Frau Ohne Schatten," directed by Karl Böhm, made a surprising impact on the critical resistance. In addition to half a dozen already identified in the Rubinstein context, it was chosen as the favorite operatic recording by Martin Mayer of *Esquire* Magazine, John Sweeney of the *Detroit* (Michigan) *News*, Roger Dettmer of the *Chicago* (Illinois) *American*, and Albert Goldberg of the *Los Angeles Times*.

Scanning the lists it seems fair to say that some three dozen of the year's 200 or more orchestral recordings were mentioned at least once, but a trend is indicated in only two instances—those (as mentioned previously) involving Stokowski and Monteux. Each is identified with several projects rather than merely one, but as the references are frequently to "Stokowski recordings for Capitol" or Monteux "Sacre" and "Firebird" (they are actually separate RCA discs) it seems right to cite them as integers. Stokowski fans include Ray LaRocque of the *Worcester* (Massachusetts) *Sunday Telegram*, Frank Aiganbright of the *Lafayette* (Indiana) *Journal and Courier*, Peregrine White of the *Durham* (North Caro-

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lina) *Morning Herald,* Clifford Gessler, of the *Oakland* (California) *Tribune,* Stella Mills of the *Portland* (Maine) *Sunday Telegram,* Eugene Feehan of the *Catholic Preview of Entertainment* (New York), Nancy Miller of the *El Paso* (Texas) *Times,* and Earl Sands of the *Tampa Morning Tribune* (Florida). Together with others previously identified, it brings the Stokowski citations to about fifteen, or approximately the same number as those partial to Monteux. Walter Grueninger of *Consumer Bulletin* is one of those who rated Monteux's "Sacre" as tops in its class.

Mr. Grueninger is also partial to Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, whose name appears—in various connections—on a dozen and a half ballots. This spans such activities as lieder for RCA and Decca, and the full-length "Orfeo," but there is little doubt that Fischer-Dieskau rates as singer of the year in the opinions of Warren Twyford of the *Virginian-Pilot* of Norfolk, Virginia, and Jack Frederick Kilpatrick of the *Dallas* (Texas) *Times-Herald,* as well as a dozen others mentioned in other connections. Rita Streich and Anita Cerquetti in their vastly different ways have also magnetized many critical ears, the former typified by Francis A. Klein of the *S. Louis* (Missouri) *Globe-Democrat,* the latter by Edwin S. Benjamin of *Better Listening.*

A pair of minor threads are woven into the opinions of Emily Coleman of *Newsweek,* those being the "Last Recital" by Dinu Lipatti (Angel), and "The Complete Works of Anton Webern" (Columbia). Both of these have a dozen or more supporters (such as Hugh A. Mulligan of the Associated Press for Lipatti). In lesser numbers there are recurrent mentions for the Mozart quintets, recorded by the Budapest ensemble (with Walter Trampler, violist) for Columbia, by Pinckney Keel of the *Jackson* (Mississippi) *Clarion-Ledger;* for Beecham's "Seraglio" (Cyrus W. Durgin of the *Boston Globe*); and Ormandy's conducting of the complete "Iberia" (Columbia) with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

THE record business being the embracing activity it is, it should perhaps be not too surprising that Shakespeare and Mike Todd shared, equally, the favor of eighteen reviewers (in some instances, the same ones). The first, of course, relates to the Gielgud "Hamlet" for RCA, the second the score by the late Victor Young for "Around the World in Eighty Days" (Decca). The latter was an enthusiasm, among others, of Charles Menees of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* Myles Eiten of *Compact* Maga-

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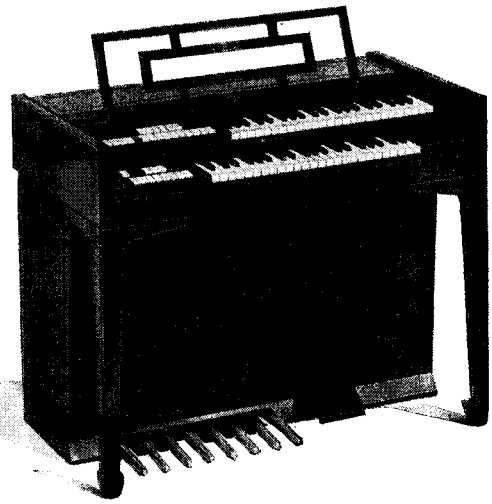

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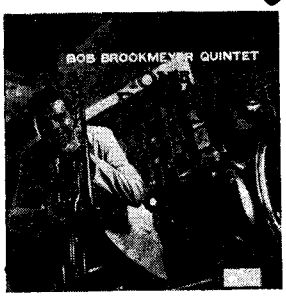

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zine, Beverly Linet of *Movie Star Parade*, Leonard Mendlovitz of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, J. Sasso of *Scholastic* Magazines, Robert Frederick of the *Cincinnati Times-Star*, and Jerry Krupnick of the *Newark Star-Ledger*, whose names have not been previously mentioned.

Without question, the most ubiquitous name in the poll is Leonard Bernstein's. Several thought Columbia's sponsorship of his "Messiah" was the "most commendable enterprise" of the year, others cited his talk on "What Is Jazz," a few remembered him as a co-participant with Glenn Gould in a recording of Beethoven's Concerto No. 2. Most, however—a total of nineteen—declared his score for "West Side Story" (Columbia) to be the outstanding effort of the Broadway year (some made it a stable entry with "Candide"), a few, even, mentioning that the recording conveyed more of its quality than hearing it in the theatre.

Though the big votegetters have been thoroughly tabulated, mention should be made of a number of marginal items whose names appeared with sufficient frequency to indicate a real esteem. Among these are the two English importations by Angel: "At the Drop of a Hat" and "The Hoffnung Music Festival," remembered by about a half a dozen respondents; the Shelly Manne treatment of "My Fair Lady" tunes for Contemporary; the Jonothan Edwards "Piano Artistry" (a satirical effort generally attributed to Paul Weston) on Columbia (Ralph Gleason of the *San Francisco Chronicle* was among its endorsers); various recordings of Ella Fitzgerald for Verve; Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" (Decca) and the same company's "Satchmo" autobiography; RCA Victor's complete Beethoven sonatas (reissued as recorded by Artur Schnabel); and the H. L. Mencken-Donald H. Kirkley conversation, issued by the Library of Congress.

Finally, with fatigue-weary eyes and fingers worn to the quick from overtyping, I must add (as coda) the comment of one whose name is a secret between us: "Dear Mr. K.: I'm sure you must agree that this project is a sort of phony, inasmuch as the company(s) that send out the most records to the most reviewers stand to get the most votes . . ." I don't agree with any part of this reasoning, least of all his further contention that this "tends to perpetuate the giants at the expense of the little fellows." Somehow, the companies which make the most records also, by and large, make the best ones—practice making, if not for perfection, at least for proficiency. —I. K.

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A SCHOENBERG DISC-COURSE-II

By KURT LIST

THE opera "Moses and Aaron," to Schoenberg's own text, represents a milestone in the composer's development of quite another order, in that its prime effect is philosophical rather than esthetic. It was intended as a three-act opera but only two acts were finished, the third act being a torso in libretto form. (As late as 1950 Schoenberg wrote in a letter, "It is not entirely impossible that I should finish the third act within a year.") Its creation occupied Schoenberg from about 1929 on. The first two acts were finished in score in 1932. It is these that are heard on Columbia K3L241, $17.98.

From 1915 on Schoenberg had been occupied with ideas from a similar sphere, the oratorios "Jacob's Ladder," of which the text is completed but only about eighty measures are performable, and "Death Dance of Principles," of which the text is completed, and "The Biblical Way."

It is perhaps significant that Sigmund Freud, a contemporary of Schoenberg, like him an Austrian Jew residing in Vienna and a seminal point in his field, was occupied with similar ideas which culminated in "Moses and Monotheism" in the Thirties. Undoubtedly the thoughts of both men were directed into these channels by the growing German and Central-European antisemitism. With Schoenberg this led even to the open gesture of return to Judaism in a public ceremony in Paris in 1933 (he had left the Jewish faith and been converted to Protestantism in 1892 at the age of eighteen).

Nevertheless, it would be amiss, as some Jewish writers (most notably Peter Gradenwitz in a recent article, November 1957, *Commentary*) have attempted, to classify "Moses and Aaron" as a Jewish opera. Its central theme has universal quality. It is hung on the peg of an Old Testament story but this makes it no more Jewish than the scenic setting makes "Madama Butterfly" Japanese.

What occupied Schoenberg's mind is, of course, primarily of topical nature. His contention is that a people as a whole is not a thinking body but a conglomeration of sentiment and emotion. To fulfill its destiny it must be led not by the abstruse theoretician but the man of action who is the connecting link between the idea necessary for the direction of the fulfillment and the expediency that converts the idea into reality. Since the necessarily dogmatic and uncompromising nature of the abstract idea contravenes its taking shape in reality a conflict ensues out of which destiny evolves. Thus, born of the necessity that man must both think and live, a dichotomy of idea and action is set up against the background of an innocent and manipulated people who are both beneficiaries and victims of the results of the conflict.

This problem, if viewed as one between leadership, acquiescence to same, and relation to dogma, was highly topical in the political aftermath of World War I. Its actuality increased after the first two acts of "Moses and Aaron" were finished and its political importance has not decreased to this day.

But simply as antagonism between thought and deed it is also significant on another plane. Every artist knows the conflicts that present themselves in the creation of a work of art from its ideal conception in the brain to the final bringing down on paper, canvas, the stage or whatever. The conflict between the idea, pure and hard as rock, and its material realization is one which has frustrated many great minds (one need only remember the sketchbooks of Beethoven, Brahms and his penchant for constant revision, or Mahler who never ceased to reorchestrate his symphonies practically after every public hearing). Thus the theme of "Moses and Aaron" must have been close to Schoenberg not only on the social but also, if simplified, on the creative level. Here the opera gains universality and aspires to be an absolute work of art beyond all topicality.

In its concrete application the problem is given as conflict between the two brothers, Moses, the fanatic of the idea, and Aaron, the man of action. Both love their people, but Moses would rather have them destroyed than compromise with the Law, while Aaron is willing to water down the latter in order to preserve the race. The situation is summed up in Aaron's declamation about the rod, "In Moses's hand a rigid rod: this, the law. In my own hand the most supple of serpents: discretion." And later in a summing up at the end of the second act, Aaron says, "I love this humble folk. I live just for them and want to sustain them." Moses: "If the idea wills it. My love is for my idea. I live just for it." Aaron: "You also would have loved this people, had you only seen how they lived when they dared to see and feel and hope. No folk is faithful unless it feels."

IN THE final scene of which only the words exist and which was meant to constitute the entire third act, Aaron is a prisoner; the idea has won, but it was undoubtedly Aaron who sped it on its way. Now, that by his efforts the people have reached their safe destiny, he has become superfluous. Moses orders him to be set free, "and if he desires, he may live." But his function is lived out. He falls down dead; and Moses, sure in the success of the dogma, can conclude, "But even in the wasteland you shall be victorious and achieve the goal; unity with God."

It is natural that a musical work so dominated by a philosophical view

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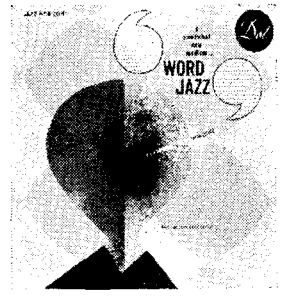

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does not have the mobility or dramatic stage power that we know from conventional opera. There are only three main roles; the people (chorus), Aaron (tenor), and Moses (in the main a speaking part). Their characters are predetermined and not subject to dramatic evolution. "Moses and Aaron" is thus in the tradition of the Baroque opera with set pieces reminiscent of the oratorio in the first act where the basic tenets of the conflict are stated. In the second act the action loosens up and a more operatic face is put upon the work.

THAT is not to say that the opera has no dramatic impact. On the contrary; the text is perhaps naive in its literary execution, but the problems are stated with power and clarity. However, it is the music which rather than underlining the text assumes a gigantic shape of its own and expresses in conjunction with the words but in its own right as well the dramatic situation. To this end Schoenberg employs a huge orchestra, seventeen woodwinds, eleven brasses, fourteen percussion instruments, piano, celeste, harp, two mandolins and the traditional contingent of strings. In addition there is an orchestra on stage consisting of at least twenty-five instruments, a large chorus and solo singers. Schoenberg makes use of all the possible coloristic effects of such a giant apparatus. Yet, the orchestration is transparent, at times even in the orbit of chamber music (often a concertante element, another baroque device, is introduced). The vocal lines are alternately sung and executed in "Sprechgesang" (declamatory speech at a given tonal pitch), a most effective means first introduced in "Pierrot Lunaire." Its application here is most ingenious since there are highly effective passages in which parts of the chorus sing while others, to a different text, declaim simultaneously, which not only heightens the dramatic tension but also makes for a far greater clarity of the individual vocal lines. In orchestral texture the work is most akin to Schoenberg's "Music zu einer Lichtspielscene," Op. 34, vocally it is occasionally reminiscent of Berg's "Wozzek," but essentially it is both novel and pure Schoenberg, charged with dramatic hypertension which only occasionally is relieved by lyric passages. In general, the music alternates between extended polyphonic lines and vehement clusters of purely harmonic thought. There is no doubt that "Moses and Aaron" is a most impressive work not only in Schoenbergian terms but as well in those of twentieth century musical creation.

The current recording, which pre-

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sents the first two acts but wisely omits the anticlimactic scene of the third, is the result of a broadcast by the Norddeutscher Rundfunk in 1954 with the best of several rehearsal takes and the final performance pieced together.

This in many ways proves unfortunate. Neither soloists nor chorus are as well rehearsed as one might wish (rumor has it that the first complete stage performance of the work this year in Zürich required 350 choral and thirty orchestral rehearsals, which apparently the broadcasting station was unable to grant). Consequently, the "Sprechgesang" is mostly incorrect in pitch, and the sung intervals of the soloists, most notably those of Helmut Krebs, an exceptionally fine singer with a splendid voice who portrays Aaron, are frequently quite off the mark. Rosbaud's direction is virile, concerned mainly with the large dramatic outbursts which he renders effectively, but not quite atmospheric enough, in the lyrical passages. The best parts are the purely orchestral interludes in which the conductor manages a transparency not easy to achieve with such a large apparatus.

IT IS rather a shame that the tremendous expenditures of energy which for all its faults must have gone into this performance could not have been recorded under recording studio conditions. The broadcast lacks balance. This leads to such incongruities as having the piccolos sounding by far fiercer than the rest of the gigantic orchestra and the entire chorus. In itself the chorus is unbalanced. There is a preponderance of sopranos which makes the altos almost inaudible and renders feeble the support of the tenors and basses. Even granted that the intricate vocal lines could probably never be heard with full clarity in a monaural recording under the best conditions—only stereophonic reproduction could do the trick—one cannot help feeling that the optimum has not been achieved.

Still, considering the tremendous expense and effort necessary for the presentation of such a work we are not likely to hear it in the near future in a concert or stage performance in the United States, and it is even more unlikely that another recording will be forthcoming. Thus one must be grateful to have at least this somewhat sketchy impression which will fall into better focus if listened to repeatedly, preferably with a vocal score, or, if this is not available, at least with the libretto which Columbia provides in both the German original and the English translation.

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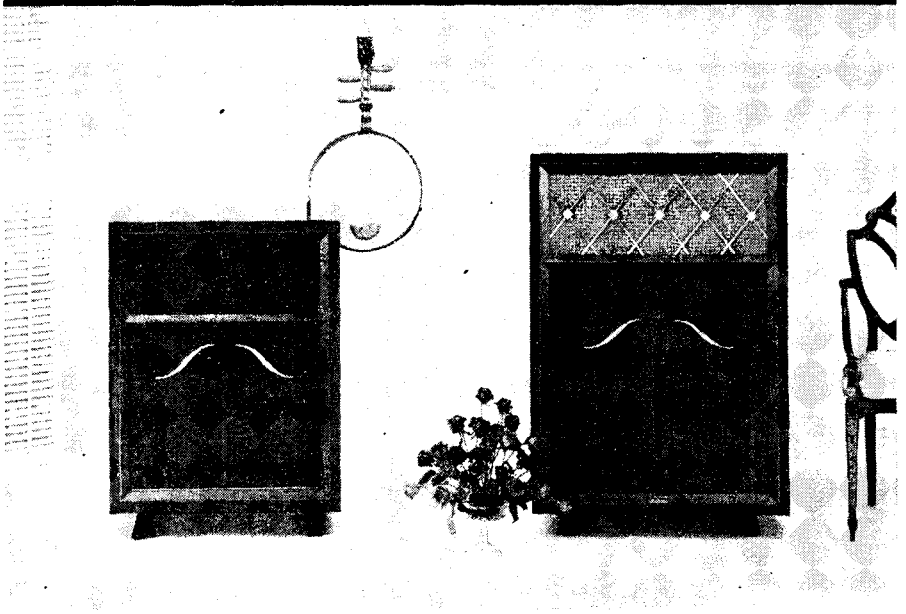

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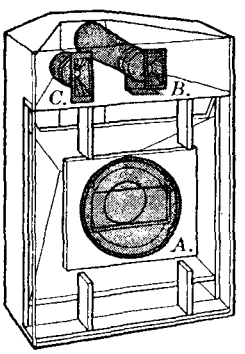

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"Adriana" and Tebaldi

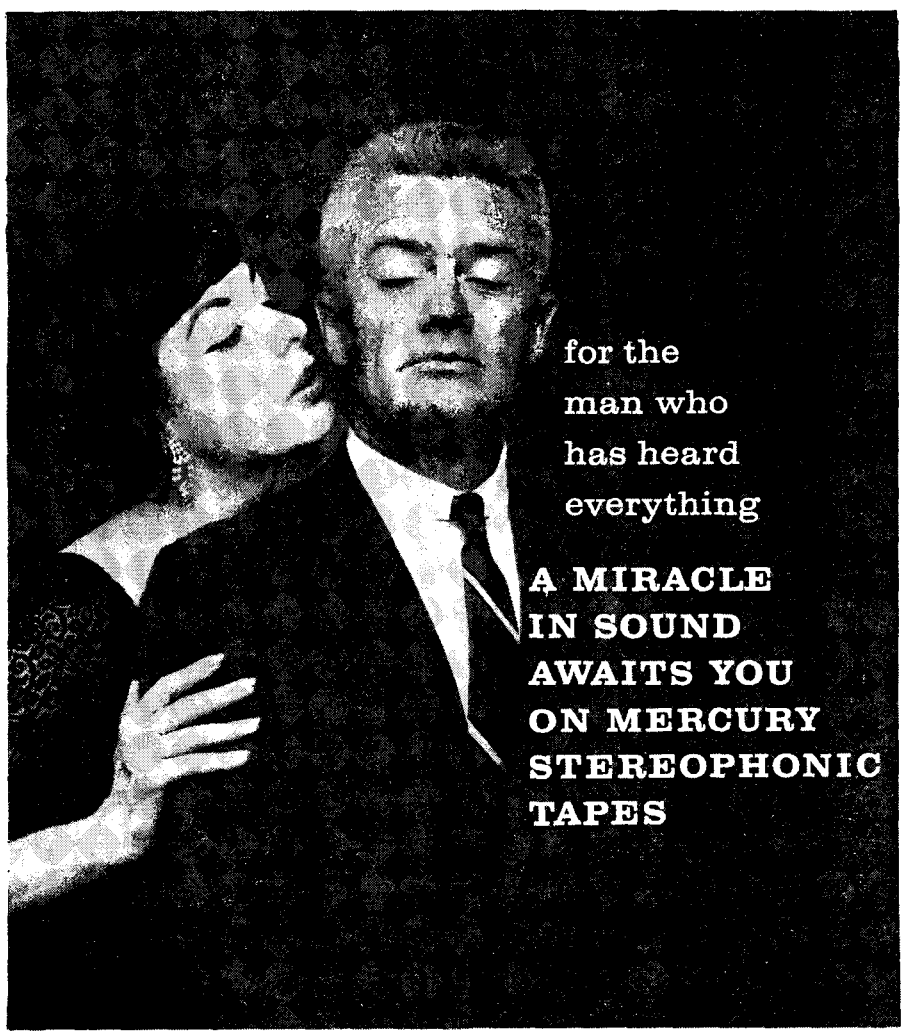
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE Lyric Opera of Chicago, in a enterprising mood or perhaps merely to gratify its prima donna, climaxed its annual fall season with a performance of Cilea's long-forgotten "Adriana Lecouvreur." Mounted for an American audience for the first time in half a century (almost to the day), "Adriana Lecouvreur" turned out to be one of those genre pieces on which operatic divas and tenors as well as avid operatic audiences vent their enthusiasm with complete and joyful satisfaction to all concerned. To point up the opera's lack of originality, the almost total absence of distinction or individuality, as critics do today (and did fifty years ago), would, however, be a fruitless quibble. For this opera, with little dramatic force, with a commonplace musical point of view, with facile rather than colorful writing, has yet enough ingratiating melody, skilful orchestration, appealing lyricism, theatrical interest, and above all musically supported emotional highpoints to set a sophisticated modern audience on fire.

Based on a Scribe play, the four acts of the opera are quite succinctly put together. Against a background of the Comedie Francaise in the 1730s, a tale of love, jealousy, intrigue, politics, poison, and death revolves around Adriana Lecouvreur, a favorite actress of the day. This is not the most improbable involvement in the operatic world, and only in the last act, in which a long-drawn-out death agony of the heroine threatens to achieve the opposite of its intended effect, is there a feeling of anti-climax, dramatically as well as musically.

Like the only two previous presentations of the work in this country (with Lina Cavalieri, Caruso, and Scotti at the Metropolitan Opera House, November 1907), the Chicago Opera's two performances boasted a group of protagonists hard, indeed virtually impossible to match today. Renata Tebaldi has an obvious affection and affinity for the title role. She lives it, and sings it in particularly glorious voice, giving the most trenchant and memorable portrayal of her American career (EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because of the unfortunate death of her mother, the last performance this season by Tebaldi in America*). Giulietta Simionato, the Princess de Bouillon, was the perfect mezzo-soprano foil. Giuseppe di Stefano sang ardently, with ringing top notes, as Adriana's lover, Maurizio, and Tito Gobbi gallantly stepped into the curiously lifeless part of the Stage Director of the Comedie Francaise. The sets, while avoiding the impression that they had survived the Metropolitan's original production, were not new, though they served their purpose innocuously. The veteran Tullio Serafin conducted the performances with authority.

In the same week the Lyric Opera revived its production of "Un Ballo in Maschera," a work also based on a Scribe play which, as a libretto, hardly compares favorably with the much maligned "Adriana" book. The Verdi of 1859 is of course a giant, almost fully mature musical personality, and when a bold spirit decides to restore the action of "Ballo" to its original Swedish locale from its present incredibly inept one of Boston, Massachusetts, the opera will have the



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chance of rising to its full stature. The Chicago performance was distinguished by the fervent, yet suble leadership of conductor Georg Solti, and by the Riccardo of Jussi Bjoerling, in spectacularly good voice. Special interest attached to the appearance of Anita Cerquetti, who made a recent five-minute debut in New York in a short role in Gluck's "Paris and Helen." Her Amelia was full of promise rather than achievement, and displayed a powerful voice of dramatic as well as sensuous quality, though it tended to take on an edge in the higher tones and seemed not always under complete control. Aldo Protti sang an adequate Renato; the other two conspirators were rather dull-spirited. Sylvia Stahlman, as Oscar, was a delight to eye and ear, singing much of her florid music with apparent ease and quicksilver clarity.

—Ulric Kaskell

Hollywood Beethoven

The Last Five Quartets of Beethoven *together with the "Grosse Fuge," in five discs by the Hollywood String Quartet (Felix Slatkin and Paul Shure, violins; Alvin Dinkin, viola; Eleanor Aller, cello).* Capitol, $19.95.

BEETHOVEN'S SIXTEEN string quartets (including, of course, the "Great Fugue") are on the books of four recording companies, each handsomely represented (the Budapest, Vegh, Hungarian, and now the Barylli Quartets). A fifth has joined the lists, at the top, beginning with Op. 127 in B flat. The others make these five their third volume, Beethoven having obliged the industry by dividing the sixteen neatly according to his "three styles."

It should be said at once that the Hollywood String Quartet (Capitol) is a worthy companion. This is sacred territory, violated by a single line of insensitive phrasing, a single maladjustment of ensemble. The quartet plays with admirable musicianship and conveys in the main the grandeur and elevation of the final Beethoven. This Quartet, aged ten years, is comprised of what we confidently assume to be the finest individual talents to be found in the film studios of southern California. The four have not been widely traveled except on discs until last autumn, when they presented these quartets at the Edinburgh Festival.

The Hollywood Quartet needs no apology. The styles of the players are well integrated, the concept of each of the five quartets is well taken. The sonority is on the robust side, doing justice to full chordal passages. The treble needs favoring on the controls. In the slow movements, particularly the opening of the "Song of Thanksgiving," and the superb *lento assai* of the final quartet, there is the problem of a just balance between purity and fervor. Perhaps there could be a little more of the latter, not only in the leading voice, but in the supporting chords. Discriminate vibrato not only makes for the expressive phrase, in those parts of the development sections where the texture is intricate, it makes for clarity rather than fusion.

The andante of the B flat Quartet and indeed the whole Quartet is splendidly played. The same may be said of the C sharp minor with an infinitesimal objection to the overobtrusive pizzicato chords in the fourth variation. The widely spaced voices of the fugue stand out in an impressive performance. The more rapid movements, the scherzos and finales, are brilliantly set forth.

—John N. Burk.

Tebaldi—"glorious voice."

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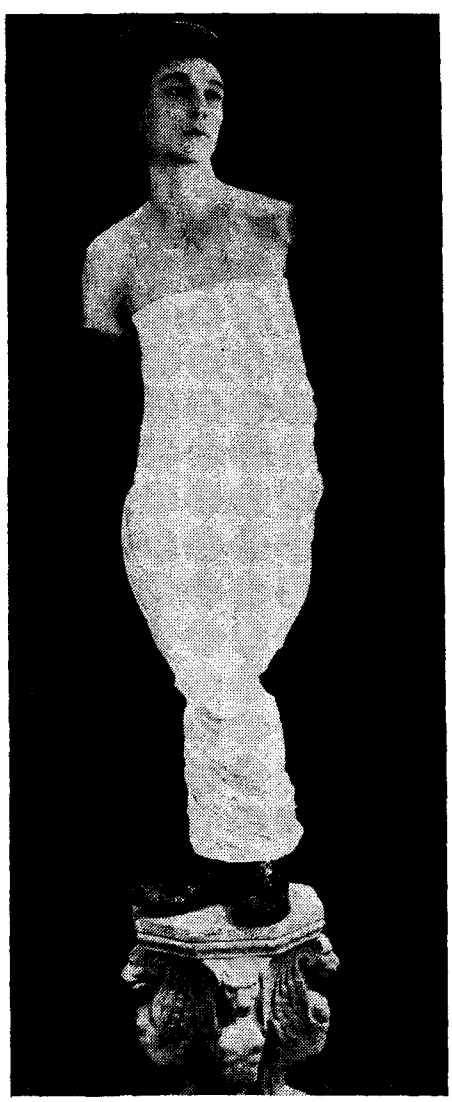
The Movies: Our Liveliest Art

TO MOVIE fans the month has brought a bonanza in the form of two big books about the history of filmdom. One of these, entitled "The Movies," is described on the opposite page. Unlike it, the second book, **"The Liveliest Art,"** by Arthur Knight (Macmillan, $7.50), encompasses foreign as well as U.S. films, the achievements of directors and the social climates of such film-producing foreign countries as France, Germany, Russia, England, Italy, and Japan. In addition there are sections on television, on art films, and on the avant-garde. Of it Lewis Jacobs, who is himself a writer, director—and historian—of movies, says: "The author is one of those rare persons whose enthusiasm and love for pictures are boundless. His gift for enjoying them, however, is so whole-hearted that in his role of historian this friendliness sometimes proves to be a liability leading to misjudgments. . . . He suggests that in the various wide-screen devices lie the future development of the film and the basic artistic challenge to the director. Surely he must know that the movies' salvation can only come about from a deepening of content and the raising of their standards. Or is love indeed blind?"

—From "The Movies."

Earliest stars were Chaplin, Pickford, and Fairbanks, here cavorting.



—From "The Movies."

Clowns like Buster Keaton brought depth to early comedies.

—From "The Movies."

Vamp Theda Bara was one of first stars to be created by the use of sheer publicity. Her office insisted her name was anagram for "Arab Death." Here she plays "Cleopatra."

—From "The Movies."

Baby-faced John Bunny was so popular before his death in 1915 that Hollywood fans named their babies after him. He starred as errant husband in series of one-reelers.

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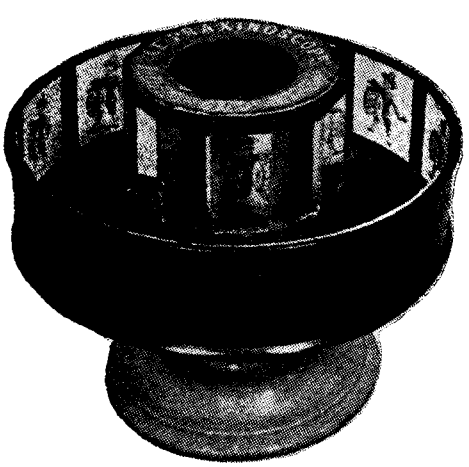
—*From "The Liveliest Art."*

This series from Harold Lloyd's "The Freshman" shows newest 1925 techniques: 1) the close-up (top), 2) the mid-shot (center), and 3) the long-shot (bottom).

—*From "The Movies."*

Actor Erich von Stroheim's depictions of European decadence brought new realism to the Hollywood of 1919. But as a director he was rarely successful.



—*From "The Liveliest Art."*

This toy, known as a Praxinoscope, was nineteenth century toy progenitor of movies. Hand-drawn images sprang to life in mirrored reflection when drum revolved.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE FILMS: The last photograph in a big new book entitled **"The Movies,"** by Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer (Simon & Schuster, $15), from which most of the pictures on these pages were taken, shows a movie theatre converted into a supermarket and advertisements for "fresh flounder" and "loin lamb chops" replacing the names of Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy on the marquee. But the Messrs. Griffith and Mayer have by no means given up hope for the future of movies. Neither does their 150,000-word, 1,000-page book. "All that can happen," it says, "is the death of a system of production and exhibition which we have identified so long with the movies that we cannot imagine them produced and distributed otherwise. . . . There can be no misgivings about the glories of the future." Take heart, Harry Cohn, buck up Darryl Zanuck, ever onward Mike Todd! Of "The Movies," *SR* reviewer Hollis Alpert writes: "Pick it up at any time; you find yourself informed and diverted. From 'The Life of an American Fireman' to 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' the book illustrates the basic cinematic fascinations—faces, movements, the dreams that look overpoweringly real to a major proportion of the earth's population. The biggest problem for the authors was one of compression, and they admit to neglect to much of the foreign films. Also, they concentrate on the stars a great deal more than on the directors, producers, and writers. Thus their book is more of an outsider's than an insider's history—but let there be no mistake: as such it is wonderful."

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Desperate Venture

***"Eight Hours Before Richmond," by Virgil Carrington Jones** (Holt. 180 pp. $3.50), tells the story of an ambitious Yankee brigadier named Judson Kilpatrick and his bold attempt to breach Richmond's defenses in March 1864. Frank Vandiver of Rice Institute, author of "Mighty Stonewall," reviews it.*

By Frank Vandiver

FROM the standpoint of reader interest, the Civil War is certainly America's most popular conflict. And one of its major attractions has always been the liberal dashes of drama, adventure, and derring-do in the dreary grimness of fighting. Virgil Carrington Jones has already focused attention on some of the swashbuckling heroes of 1861-1865 in his earlier books, "Ranger Mosby" and "Gray Ghosts and Rebel Raiders." In "Eight Hours Before Richmond" he shows that the Confederates had no monopoly on romantic adventures.

The hero of his new book—if "hero" is the right word—is Judson Kilpatrick, ambitious Yankee brigadier. A general of horse, Kilpatrick was widely known as "Kilcavalry," and events the first week in March 1864 proved the aptness of the nickname.

With the approval of President Lincoln, and consequently with the blessing of Gen. George Gordon Meade, "Kilcavalry" began organizing an expedition in late February to release the Federal prisoners in two famous Richmond prisons—Libby and Belle Isle. Bold and simple, the scheme called for two Union columns to penetrate Richmond's defenses from different directions, throw the reportedly thin defenders into confusion, start fires, wreck property, and in the midst of the melee to open the prisons. When this had been accomplished, the ex-prisoners would be pressed into service. They would aid in the destruction, would help dispose of certain objectionable Rebels, and would furnish added strength in escape operations.

On paper Kilpatrick's plan looked workable. Lincoln and Meade recognized that skill, energy, and, above all, drive would be essential if the raid were to succeed. Kilpatrick had no doubt that he could bring it off, and all superiors inclined to agree; all, that is, save one. His immediate superior, Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasonton, remembered a recent attempt of like nature, made by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, which had come to grief and thought the same fate awaited Kilpatrick. Pleasonton's warning was lost in the excitement of preparations. The overriding consideration was public opinion. Thousands in the North deplored the condition of Federal prisoners in Richmond. Gruesome stories of the filth, crowding, and sub-human prison life had come from Libby and Belle Isle, and even discounting half, the picture was unbearable. So severe was the pressure from the people that the Federal administration agreed to Kilpatrick's venture, a venture which cautious Gen. Meade termed "desperate."

IF THE raid were on the "desperate" side, it was just the thing to attract young Col. Ulric Dahlgren, son of a famous Union admiral. Dahlgren had lost a leg in the Gettysburg campaign, and by late February could barely take the field. But he volunteered for duty and received command of one of the wings of the expedition, the one which was to enter Richmond from the south. What happened to him, to certain highly inflammatory documents (called the "Dahlgren papers") in his possession, and to the whole raiding force that cold March week, forms the theme of this absorbing book.

—Bettmann.

Kilpatrick—"called 'Kilcavalry.'"

What happened to Judson Kilpatrick is in some ways the most interesting bit of the story. Jones rightly asserts that leadership was the key to the raid and does a fine job on Kilpatrick's crack-up in a crisis.

"Eight Hours Before Richmond" belongs in the "day book" genre which has recently become so popular. One of the dangers of this type of book is that historical perspective may be distorted, but fortunately Mr. Jones recognizes the pitfall and avoids it with skillful additions of background and sustaining material. The author is at his best when analyzing the validity of the "Dahlgren papers." He has written a valuable and highly entertaining volume.

For the Buff

***"The Memoirs of General William T. Sherman," by Himself** (814 pp. $8), **"Grant and Lee," by J. F. C. Fuller** (323 pp. $5), and **"Numbers and Losses in the Civil War," by Thomas L. Livermore** (150 pp. $4.50) are the first volumes in a new series, the Civil War Centennial Series, published by Indiana University Press. Earl Schenck Miers, our reviewer, is author of "Gettysburg" and other books on the Civil War.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

ANYONE who wishes to build a basic library of the literature covering those tragic years in America from 1861 to 1865 must offer the Indiana University Press a vote of gratitude for the "Civil War Centennial Series" which these three volumes launch. The memoirs of General Sheridan, Horace Porter's splendid "Campaigning With Grant," and the hitherto unavailable letters of Major James Austin Connolly, who fought at Atlanta and marched to the sea with Sherman, are to follow shortly. A better half dozen books about the war is difficult to imagine.

In a thoughtful introduction to Sherman's "Memoirs," B. H. Liddell Hart calls this bristling, nervous, sardonic redhead "the first modern strategist." One can always say for Sherman that he was original, even to making the South hate him twice—first for his march to fame and infamy, and again for these lively war experiences that spoke so contemptuously of Confederate leadership on and off the battlefield. But through-

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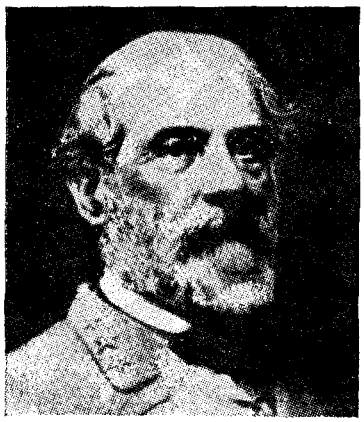

General Lee.

—*From "Grant and Lee."*

General Grant.

out a lifetime Sherman called the shots as he saw them. He possessed a keen mind, strong convictions, and excitable impulses. The fact that he understood himself perfectly accounts for the excellence of the book he wrote. Who has produced better reminiscences of war? Grant? Caesar?

For Sherman was a warrior who, frightened to death by the whole awful business, fought like a terror—at Vicksburg, at Atlanta. He came to know war in intimate detail—that in the rear of a battle there is always confusion and at the front order—and he came to understand why battles were fought. More than men had to die. The will to make war, the resources to support war—these had to be crushed. Then, indeed, a war could achieve what, to Sherman, was its "legitimate object"—to achieve "a more perfect peace."

With typical British eccentricity, when Major General J. F. C. Fuller set to work on "Grant and Lee," he intended to arrive at conclusions directly opposite to those he reached. Lee, he had been taught, was among the greatest generals of history; and Grant was a butcher. Southern sentimentalists may as well beware right at this point. To General Fuller—whose "object is not to write a romance"—there are moments when Lee's incompetency seems to shatter all previous records, and he concludes: "I much doubt whether in Grant's place Lee would have done half as well as Grant, for his outlook on war was narrow and restricted, and he possessed neither the character nor the personality of a General-in-Chief."

Others will disagree—Douglas Southall Freeman for one—but in a foreword to this new edition General Fuller admits he has now read Freeman and his estimates have not changed "in any radical way." If they had, of course, he would have burned his book. In jabbing at the essential weaknesses of the Confederacy—in its complete inadequacy to wage war, in its failure to comprehend the almost religious quality of the conflict in which it did engage—General Fuller is often starkly perceptive. But he reads from afar; the pores of his skin are not sensitivized by environment to receive subtle connotations in the record.

For generations Civil War scholars have been indebted to Thomas L. Livermore's "Numbers and Losses in the Civil War," as near perfect as any such compilation ever is going to be. This useful tool for the researcher has become rare to the point of teeth in the academic hen; it is important to reissue it. Edward E. Barthell, Jr., contributes a good biographical sketch of the author.

CONFEDERATE BUREAUCRACY: For years historians who wanted to learn something about the inner workings of the Confederate bureaucracy during the Civil War have gone to the gossipy journal of the Rebel war clerk, J. B. Jones, or to the Dixie diary of Mary Boykin Chesnut. Now appears an important new source, **"Inside the Confederate Government: The Diary of Robert Garlick Hill Kean,"** edited by Edward Younger (Oxford University Press, $5). As Head of the Bureau of War, Kean occupied a key post in Richmond. His diary provides no startling revelations but does thoroughly document such Confederate misfortunes as the stubborn arrogance of Jefferson Davis, the incompetence of General Braxton Bragg, the inadequacy of the high command system, and the ruinous effects of inflation. Lee as usual emerges a hero, yet Kean does criticize him for keeping mechanics in his army while the Confederate railroads deteriorated and for his "brief and jejune" communications with Richmond. Kean, of course, was not always right, but he was usually judicious. His diary, well edited with a useful introduction by Professor Younger, is in many ways the best source now available on the Confederate red-tape world.

—Hal Bridges.

PRIDE OF DIXIE: Painstakingly chosen from several thousand Southern publications issued during the Civil War, **"The Confederate Reader"** (Longmans, Green, $7.50) offers a generous slice of Confederate life as Southerners wrote about it for one another. In addition to newspaper accounts of battles, field orders, and proclamations, Richard B. Harwell, the editor, has included sermons, songs, parts of novels, humorous sketches, prison narratives, and travel observations. Arranged in chronological order, the selections begin, of course, with the fall of Fort Sumter and close with the capture of Jefferson Davis. While Mr. Harwell could not avoid including some pieces that are available elsewhere, he has brought together enough rarely seen and quoted material to give his book a distinctive appeal to both the general reader and the specialist. The thread that runs through virtually all of these pieces is the pride and self-consciousness of the South. Mixed with these elements is a self-romanticism so pervasive as to exclude the possibility of self-criticism. This aspect of the Southern mind evolved later, in the Reconstruction era, and in the form of apologetics. It is remarkably absent here, for the portrait of the Confederacy that is the sum of Mr. Harwell's book is romantic, sentimental, and exciting. That is the picture of the South at war that the Confederates drew for themselves, the image they saw and the likeness that they found it impossible to understand that no one else saw. In making this self-portrait avail-

Walt Whitman in the Civil War Hospitals

By David Ignatow

PRESCIENT, my hands soothing
their foreheads, by my love
I earn them. In their presence
I am wretched as death. They smile
to me of love. They cheer me
and I smile. These are stones
in the catapulting world;
they fly, bury themselves in flesh,
in a wall, in earth; in midair
break against each other
and are without sound.
I sent them catapulting.
They outflew my voice
towards vacant spaces,
but I have called them farther,
to the stillness beyond,
to death which I have praised.

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able again, Mr. Harwell has done an excellent job. —ALDEN WHITMAN.

RAVAGED CAROLINA: Through the night of February 17, 1865, young Emma LeConte watched Sherman's drunken soldiers burn Columbia, S.C. Her account of what she saw and heard, recorded the next day while the horror was fresh in her mind, is the most memorable entry in the brief but unusually interesting journal which Earl Schenck Miers has edited and now publishes for the first time, **"When the World Ended: The Diary of Emma LeConte"** (Oxford University Press, $4). Emma was the daughter of Joseph LeConte, who taught chemistry at South Carolina College. She was seventeen years old when Sherman took Columbia, and she witnessed the burning of the city from one of the college buildings which was being used as a hospital. She was convinced that it was all planned. The diary begins December 31, 1864, with Sherman still a distant menace, and ends shortly after the fall of the Confederacy. It is written with passion and rare literary skill. Typical of the very human bitterness which characterizes it is Emma's comment on Lincoln's death: "Hurrah! Old Abe Lincoln has been assassinated!" —H. B.

ALONG THE BLOCKADE: James M. Merrill's impressionistic study of Civil War Naval activity along the Gulf and Atlantic coasts, **"The Rebel Shore"** (Little, Brown, $4.75), scarcely fulfills the promise of its subtitle, "The Story of Union Sea Power in the Civil War." Its scope is limited to the blockade and joint army-navy expeditions from Hatteras Inlet through Fort Fisher. Professor Merrill is quite as interested in Confederate operations as in Yankee. Wherever possible he works into his narrative quick, thumbnail characterizations of Southern military and naval leaders as well as Northern, and he devotes considerable space to the Confederate development of harbor mines and semi-submerged torpedo boats and to the fine art of blockade-running.

In general, the author seems to have allocated more research hours to newspapers, diaries, forecastle letters, and memoirs written twenty years after the war than to formidable tomes labeled "Official Records."

Despite such errors as one finds in last week's newspapers, the book presents a good deal of information that will interest the average Civil War buff. —RICHARD S. WEST, JR.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 10, 7, 8, 9, 1, 2, 5, 4, 6.

Ideas

Continued from page 17

human direction in the leadership, and a confining, thought-constricting, submissive and frustrating direction among the rank and file." Conscience is destroyed and replaced by the commissar. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is Mr. Fast's diagnosis of the pathology of Communist leadership and his argument that the writer, because of the nature of his work, cannot help being an anti-Communist.

Mr. Fast is well aware that many of his readers will wonder why it took him so long to wake up from his nightmare—to decipher the meaning of events whose significance would have been as plain to everybody else at the time as now to Mr. Fast in belated retrospect. Mr. Fast has his set of answers as to why he stayed so long—"pride—you would not run away when the movement was under fire; responsibility—whatever these leaders were, they were of your movement and they were in jail and you did not walk out on them; shame—look at the others who left, and hear what your comrades say of them; fear—can I live with myself if I run when the danger is greatest?" And these answers do explain something; but even Mr. Fast does not believe they explain everything, or he would not keep repeating the question, as he does in this work—Why? why? why?

ONE fears that this question will continue to be asked, and that books like this will continue to be published for a long time. Communism is one of the great monuments to human gullibility. Yet, as the old Bolsheviks used to say, every man his Kronstadt; and people will keep on fighting themselves clear of the mad and terrible delusion which at this moment claims so much of mankind. Mr. Fast's book, one hopes, may be a valuable document in helping others to the understanding which he has so tardily and painfully acquired for himself. One wishes he might have mentioned whether any piece of writing except the Khrushchev speech influenced his own awakening. He mentions that John Gates read "1984" in prison; but for Mr. Fast, the writings of Orwell, of Koestler, of the authors of "The God That Failed," were evidently all in vain, until Khrushchev came along. I hope that his own testament will have more effect on people still under the spell.

THOUGHTS: The word "think" in the title **"The Will to Think"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $6) has a special connotation. *Think* is the name of a magazine founded by the late Thomas J. Watson, President of the International Business Machines Corporation, and circulated widely not only to the employees of the company but throughout the world. *Think,* of course, is also one of the most famous of corporation mottoes, and one that has given rise to a large number of comments, both sacred and profane.

The book is a compilation by Robert Cousins from twenty years of *Think* and as such has no common thread or thesis. The "ideas and ideals" included appear in a number of sections entitled thoughts on thinking, thoughts on growth, thoughts on education, thoughts on science, thoughts on our natural world, thoughts on products and byproducts, thoughts on leisure, thoughts on time, thoughts on the human spirit, thoughts on America.

There is wisdom here—not least in the selections from Mr. Watson—but so many anecdotes, exhortations, didacticisms, and inspirational messages belong rather to a magazine than to a book. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

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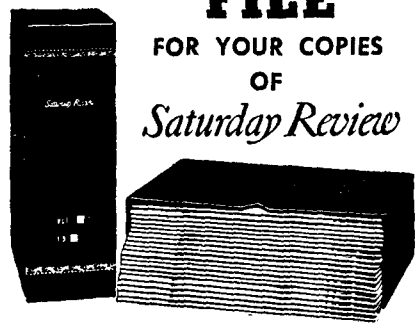

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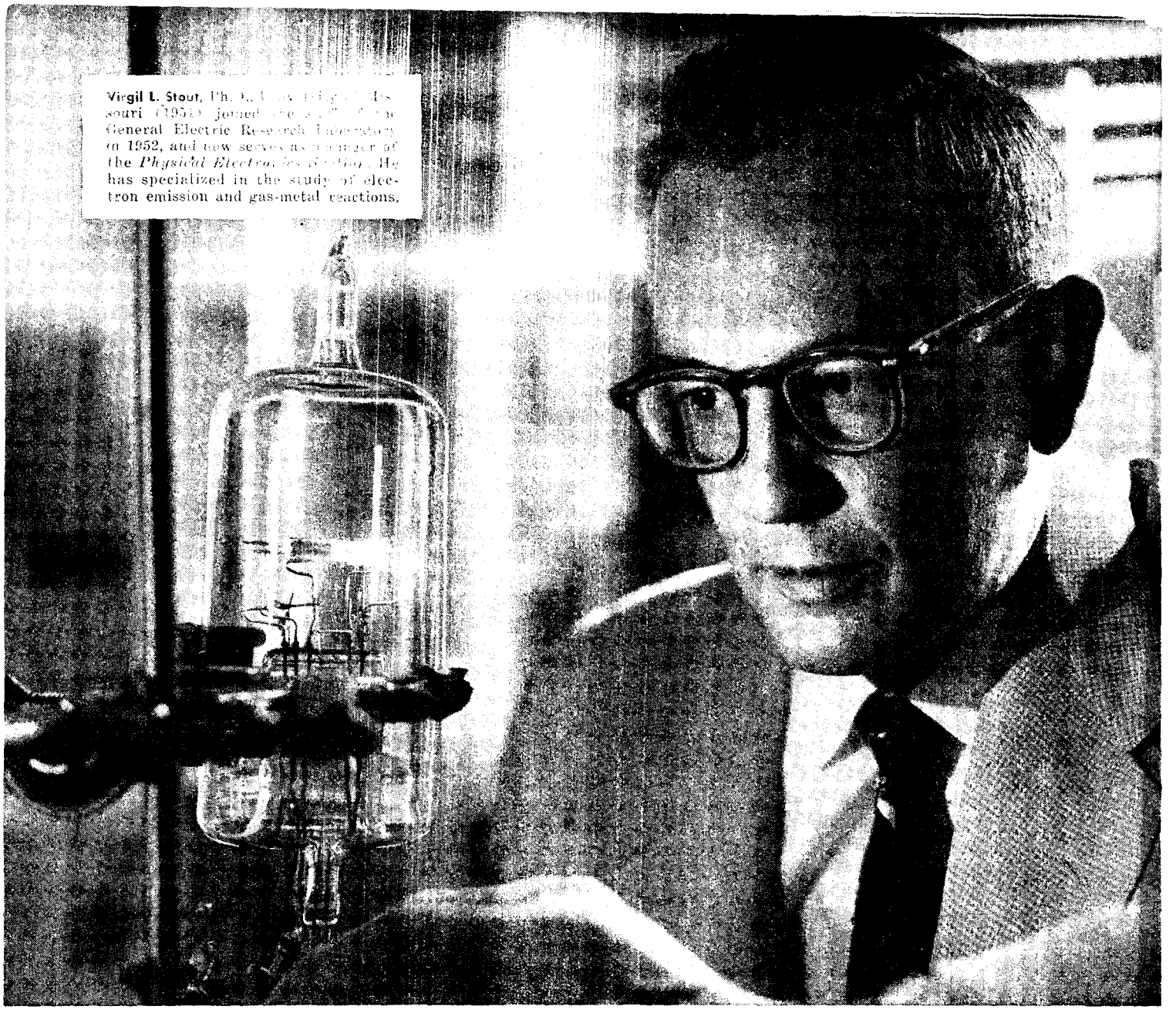

Virgil L. Stout, Ph. D. [illegible] joined the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1952, and now serves as manager of the *Physical Electronics Section*. He has specialized in the study of electron emission and gas-metal reactions.

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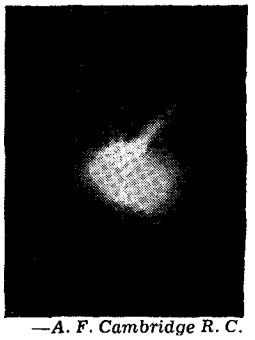

—A. F. Cambridge R. C.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XXI • Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLES: Man in Space—Good or Bad?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *SPACE ESCAPEES*
- *WHITE HOUSE BRAIN MAP*
- *INTELLECTUAL ANTIS*

TURNING points in history are seldom photographed. Consequently, this December 1957 issue of SR/RESEARCH may become a collector's item in future years. For the picture at our masthead this month records the beginning of the Conquest of Space. The flash of light caught by the camera lens reveals the passage into space of the first man-fashioned objects ever to travel fast enough to escape the confining force of Earth's gravity. The tracks of passage are seen, on close inspection, as two projecting wisps of fire. These sparks were thrown by meteorites flung by human hands across the sky at a speed of 33,000 miles per hour—8,000 miles per hour faster than the speed required by anything, be it an ice crystal or a rocket-ship, to fly from the Earth into space that holds the planets and the stars.

It was all done very deliberately and methodically by means of an explosion fifty-four miles high in the heavens above the New Mexican desert at 10:13 o'clock Mountain Standard Time on the night of last October 16. The blast was set off by a group of scientists of the Air Force Cambridge Research Center headed by physicist Maurice Dubin. It was one of a long series of explorations of the upper atmosphere. The explosive, a pasty composition called C_3, was chosen and prepared by Professor F. Zwicky of the California Institute of Technology and Drs. T. C. Poulter and M. C. Wells of the Stanford Research Institute. It was first poured into V-shaped aluminum cans, each about half a foot long. The cans were then bolted into the nose of an Aerobee research rocket. The bolts were set to be sprung by an alarm clock and to pop the nose cone off at an altitude of thirty-five miles. The body of the rocket, which was loaded with instruments to perform other experiments and radio the results back to Earth, kept going up on its original course, undeterred.

The pointed nose, deprived of ballast, gyrated upward on a path of its own until the impetus of takeoff carried it to fifty-four miles. There an automatic timer lit a fuse at the apex of each of the V-shaped aluminum cans. Because of the shape of the charge, the full force of the explosion was directed at the point of juncture of the two legs of each V. The aluminum covering of the explosive at that point melted into pellets and blew out, propelled with ever-rising speed by the continued burning of the legs of the V on either side of its trajectory.

The resulting light, a half second flash, looked twice as bright as Venus to watching astronomers at Mt. Palomar 600 miles away on the Pacific Coast. But the brightness had nothing to do with the signficance of the experiment. What really mattered was that man had at last succeeded in something he has been trying to do since 1947—make his own meteorites with which to study the makeup of the upper atmosphere (see THE RESEARCH FRONTIER, Oct. 5) and so help to determine how man can safely travel out into space and back again.

• • •

IN SPITE of all the current propaganda to the contrary, man himself is not likely to venture beyond Earth's atmosphere for some time yet. Too many ordinary everyday human problems must be overcome first. Nevertheless, the process of preparation has begun and the Russians have proved, with their second moon, that a properly housed animal can survive space conditions at least for a limited time. The approximate designs of vehicles capable of progressively further exploration are shown on our cover this week, derived from a space chart drawn to planetary scale by flight experts of the Convair Division of General Dynamics. (Convair also made the strange-looking suit worn by the man on the opening page of our Man-in-Space quiz.) Men of many nations are at work on the next actual steps into space, and anthropologists and psychologists are convinced that a major new phase of cultural evolution is underway as a consequence. It is the first time in the whole history of man that the human animal has been conscious of an impending change of such magnitude. Hence, there exists for the first time an opportunity to study how cultural changes come about. We are gratified to be the first American magazine invited by science to participate in a controlled experiment toward this end. To take part, get a pencil and paper and turn to page 51.

• • •

WHEN we devoted the February 1957 issue of SR/RESEARCH exclusively to a discussion of "Science—the President's New Power," we felt the censure of black looks and unkind words from Washington. No other national magazine had questioned the manner in which the government of the United States was organized to take advantage of the emergence of

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science as a major force in democracy. Why, we were asked, did we have to "emote" about it? One official letter, marked "not for publication," went so far as to call the Science Editor an undependable alarmist who was prejudiced against the National Science Foundation, which had been charged by the Congress with responsibility for making science policy for the White House.

We felt lonely then, but not entirely alone. Several government bureau chiefs called us on the telephone to express personal and private concurrence with our view. "It would not be politic," each said, "to write a message of this kind on official stationery." And half a dozen professors of political science incorporated that whole issue of SR/RESEARCH into their university courses on government.

It took eight months' time and the appearance of Sputnik and Muttnik to justify our position. But now our thesis seems to have been accepted *en toto*. President Eisenhower has appointed Dr. James R. Killian, Jr. on leave as Massachusetts Institute of Technology chief, as Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology (for more about him, see PERSONALITY PORTRAIT XXI on page 54). Whereas we had suggested that such a post be supported by an advisory council on which NSF director Dr. Alan T. Waterman would sit as an equal with other government science administrators, the President has enlarged his old Science Advisory Committee under the chairmanship of Dr. I. I. Rabi of Columbia without including Dr. Waterman (NSF is represented, however, by its board chairman, Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, who is also President of the National Academy of Sciences) and has moved the Committee from the Office of Defense Mobilization into the White House.

How much further the government modernization will go remains for time to prove. But a committee of Congress has invited us to spell out our February suggestions for streamlined science administrative responsibility in the executive departments and in the legislature. An evolution of some sort is underway, and we are emboldened to raise our voice again.

• • •

HAVING argued for recognition of science in government, we now want to plead with the scientists to exercise responsibility commensurate with their new recognition. It is traditionally contended, and rightly so, that science *per se* cannot be blamed for wicked use of discoveries having potential for human good. The corollary of this position should be that when the facts, so far as science can determine them, clearly lead to certain conclusions, those conclusions must be stated regardless of who may use them how for what purpose.

Published medical reports on President Eisenhower the man have blurred such conclusions from the time of his heart attack in September 1955. The latest smudge occurred in the headline hassle over use of the word "stroke" to describe what happened to Mr. Eisenhower on November 25. "Stroke" is a popular word, Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty quoted the President's doctors as saying. The implication was that anything popular is necessarily inaccurate. The truth is that "stroke" is used by physicians fully as often and in precisely the same sense as the word is used by the public. It is a perfectly good word, and its meaning is well established. A person is said to suffer a "stroke" when the vital supply of oxygen to his brain, carried by the red cells in his blood, is suddenly interrupted. An interruption can be caused by a blood clot which forms in an artery inside the brain (a thrombosis) or forms elsewhere in the body and floats into the brain (an embolism); it can be caused by a break in the wall of a blood vessel in the brain (a hemorrhage); or, some doctors think, it can be caused by a spasmodic constriction in a brain blood vessel due to nervous excitement or strain. The physical consequence of the break in the oxygen supply depends on the site and duration of the interruption. Paralysis can affect the whole body, half the body, a leg, an arm, or merely cranial muscles governing the eyelids, the cheeks, the lips, or the tongue. The result can be permanent crippling or nothing more than a temporary numbness, a fleeting dizziness, an almost imperceptible halt in swallowing, or subtle alterations in personality.

The published reports indicate that President Eisenhower's "stroke" was slight and that it produced only a transitory aberration in his speech. If the reports are correct, nerve surgeons who specialize in mapping the brain know exactly where the accident occurred. It happened in a tiny convolution of the frontal lobe of the left hemisphere of the brain (the so-called dominant hemisphere for a right handed man). This miniature valley is called Broca's convolution because a French surgeon, Paul Broca, discovered in an autopsy in 1861 that if the walls of this valley in a normal brain were scarred by injury, the ability to speak would be lost without the loss of any other ability.

It is historically interesting that Broca's convolution was the very first site in the brain to be clearly identified as the control point of a particular function of the human nervous system. It is even more interesting that President Eisenhower should have suffered a momentary interruption in the supply of oxygen through his blood to his brain at this particular spot just a week after some fascinating new research touching upon it had been reported to a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences.

The report was made by Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute in Canada. He has been working on brain geography for a long time, using as his major tool an electrode charged with a very weak electrical current. By opening the skull and touching the electrode to various points in the brain cortex it is possible to locate and surgically remove lesions which cause attacks of certain forms of epilepsy. Since the brain itself feels nothing, the exploring is done while the patients are fully conscious and can not only react but explain their reactions.

In the course of his mapping, Dr. Penfield has come across—in a region of the brain to which no especial usefulness had been attributed previously—what he believes must be the source of all our judgments. Apparently we decide what is good or bad, ugly or beautiful, pleasant or unpleasant, by making lightning-fast comparisons between impressions of our sense organs in the immediate present and a stream of consciousness newsreel of our past which the brain in some mysterious way adds to continuously and reruns on demand. The pictures on the reel are different from memory in that they are much more detailed. They record only those events which are consciously recognized as important at the moment of occurrence . . . whether trivial or crucial in reality. When they are brought back into consciousness by the touch of Dr. Penfield's electrode the patients in whose minds they are stored feel that an experience is being re-lived rather than merely being recalled. Music heard at sometime in the past is reproduced in full tone, for instance, so that patients can hum or sing tunes they cannot recognize or identify.

The part of this research which can be associated with President Eisenhower's cerebral mishap is the mapping of Broca's convolution. When Dr. Penfield placed his electrode on the wall of this minuscule valley, the patients were silent. No words were suggested to them; no speech was recalled from the past. But when the patients were asked questions while the electrode was at that point, they could not answer. They could not find

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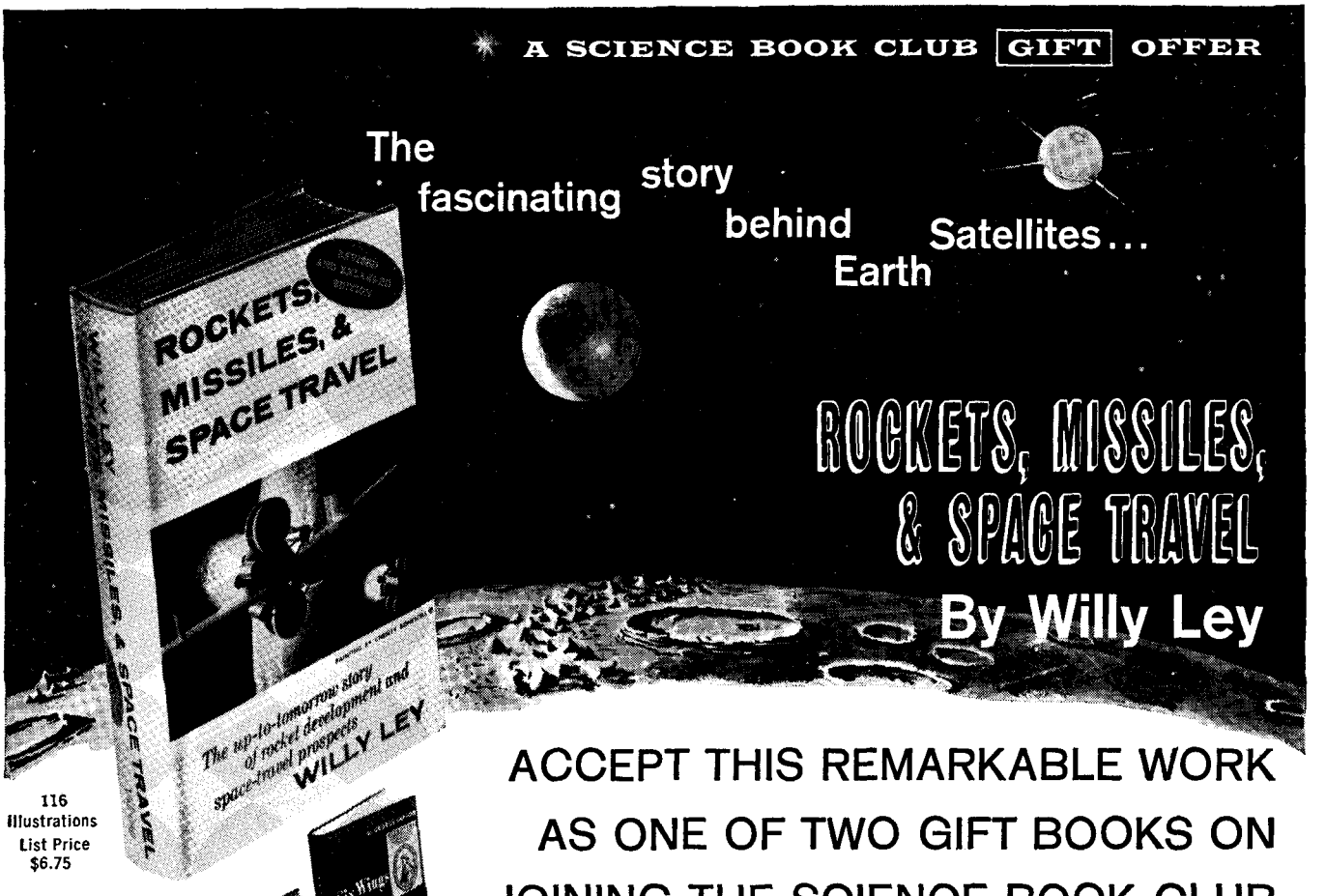
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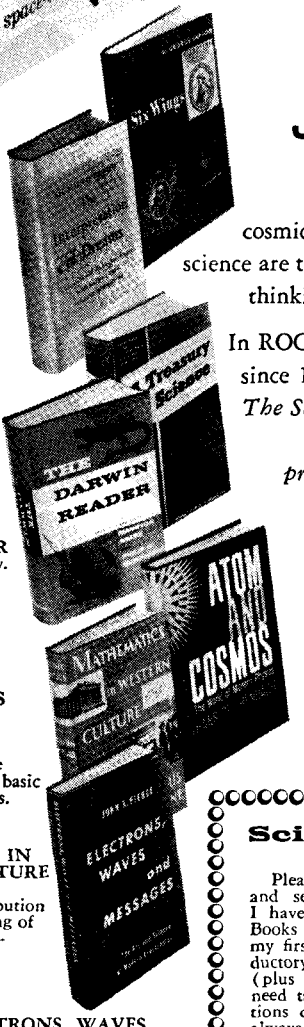

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the words to express their thoughts. When the electrode was lifted, however, the words came with a rush, quickly expressing the previously conceived but unexpressable answers.

There is at least a conceptional similarity between this artificially induced inhibition of expression and Vice President Nixon's description of President Eisenhower's speech aberration. "He was irritated that words did not come quite as fast as they usually do," Mr. Nixon told reporters. "It was not a case of any inability to formulate ideas. In fact, the ideas were ahead of his speech. That was quite obvious. . . . The only problem the President was having was a hesitancy in finding a few words . . . just a hesitancy before using the words which he wanted to use. . . ."

What would seem to have happened to the President then, was an interruption in blood flow which disturbed the electrical signals through which the brain translates ideas into words. This was, beyond any question, a "stroke." Furthermore, the "stroke" was a natural and normal aftermath of the Presidential heart attack of September 1955. Those physicians who pointed out the expectability of it two years ago—and were then attacked as "political partisans attempting to influence the Presidential election of 1956"—have been entirely vindicated. The White House announcement of recent days that Mr. Eisenhower is not afflicted with general arteriosclerosis is difficult to understand. Almost all people of the President's age have a greater or lesser degree of hardening of the arteries. The official phraseology can be explained only on the technical grounds that the real seat of the President's trouble is not arteriosclerosis (the thickening and stiffening of the artery walls) but the more pernicious atherosclerosis (the formation inside the artery walls of cholesterol deposits which tear loose under stress and form blood clots).

What the President is really up against is a mystery of nature. Cholesterol is a vital fat which plays a role in reproduction, among other things. If the body doesn't get enough of it through the normal intake of fatty food, the body will make the stuff from other materials. So no diet is a guarantee that cholesterol will be kept out of the blood. To make matters yet more unpredictable, even the regular regime of anticoagulants that Mr. Eisenhower has been following cannot stop a tendency of the blood to grow tacky and clot under nervous stress. No one knows why.

Sir Winston Churchill is the foremost living proof that briefly-spaced recurrences of blood clots are not inevitable. By his own description, he was "paralyzed . . . completely" by a "stroke" when he was Prime Minister of Great Britain in late June 1953, was kept from cabinet meetings until mid-August of that year, yet remained in office until April 1955 and is still largely in evidence two and a half years later. There are something like 1,800,000 living Americans who have survived vascular accidents with varying degrees of similar fortune. Few of them, however, carry a fraction of the emotional burden of the United States Presidency.

• • •

THE President's doctors have a special responsibility to avoid ambiguity in their bulletins. Personal health is a problem in which everyone shares. Small discrepancies in the description of symptoms are noticed even by the ill-informed. Here is a clue to the cause and cure of the so-called anti-intellectualism with which scientists are today so concerned. We make a point of this because we are convinced that the man in the street is easily persuaded of the benefits of science and of the respect due to scientists if he is told a straight, clear story.

In our mind, the real "anti-intellectualism" lies in a far more sophisticated realm where political and cultural implications of factual twists are at least as influential as the twists themselves. The anti-scientist who matters is, we think, the humanist who is quite as intellectual as the scientist but possessed of an emotional compulsion (and here we quote Assistant President Killian, writing in *The American Scientist*) "to make the scientist the scapegoat for the ills of the modern world." The scientists have intensified this humanist antagonism (and again we quote Dr. Killian) by erecting their own "protective tariffs for intellectual vested interests," nursing "their own trade secrets, too little concerned to communicate those secrets except to each other," refusing to recognize that "objectivity . . . is not the exclusive monopoly of science."

• • •

THIS is as good a time as any to note our pleasure that Dr. Killian's views are what they are on several other matters. What is really required of the American people now is a complete reappraisal of the Russian (and Chinese) people. Sputnik and Muttnik were not overnight creations. Soviet science is far ahead of the rest of the world not only in rocketry but in probing the Earth's atmosphere (which means, of course, that they are better prepared to sample the atmosphere of the Moon and of Mars by remote control) and in many other disciplines. Catching up with them will not be accomplished in days, or weeks, or even months. Daring thought cannot be surpassed by anything but daring thought, which is by nature independent. Several years ago we laughed at the Russians when they said they would move mountains and dam rivers with atomic bombs. Today we finally see that this is possible. It would save us the trauma of future shocks if we would simply abandon the notion of catching up in the conventional sense, plan our own research on a long-range footing to fit the needs and aspirations of democracy regardless of what Moscow does or talks about, reverse our haughty practice of looking down our noses at forms of government different from our own, learn to read foreign language research reports with the same facility that foreigners today read research reports in English, and mesh that language study with modern technology and the social sciences and diplomacy to restore democracy to its former place of honor. So, believing this, we welcome an Assistant President who does not believe in trying to match the Russians in any numbers game, or in pushing any crash program as a universal panacea, or in singling out young people for science futures before they can possibly make sound choices of careers, or in frenzied spending on the supposition that money can buy everything.

• • •

AS THESE pages go to press, the first American baby moon is poised to rise above Cape Canaveral on the Eastern coast of Florida. It is fitted with windows to catch and convert sunlight into power for transmission of scientific messages to Earth. Thus, it is hoped the American moon will send down more information over a longer period than Russia's Sputnik and Muttnik could send with short-lived batteries from the upper limits of the atmosphere. Sputnik's rocket aparently has fallen and incinerated after traveling 25,000,000 miles. Sputnik itself, unsighted since late October, is assumed to be orbiting on schedule and is expected to stay up until New Year's. Muttnik, having become the first space cemetery, may remain aloft until spring.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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MAN IN SPACE—GOOD OR BAD?

A History-Making Experiment

WHEN Christopher Columbus set sail for the West from the Spanish port of Palos in 1492, the only people who appeared to be sharing the fortunes of his voyage were the crews of his three little ships and the royal bankers who paid his bills. Only after the passage of many years was it seen that in daring the unknown he changed the whole course of civilization. New nations rose in his wake, older nations declined, customs everywhere changed, and man never again saw himself as he had seen himself before.

Today the terrestrial seas are all known. The Antarctic icecap and the floor of the Indian Ocean alone harbor mysteries of any magnitude. Man's restless curiosity has turned his eyes upward to the vast ocean of space which floats the stars. In their Sputnik and their Muttnik the Russians have ventured modern equivalents of the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, and the *Santa Maria* above Earth's atmosphere. And it has been done in sight and hearing of the entire civilized world. For the first time in his thousands of years on the planet, man is consciously entering a major period of cultural evolution. For the first time he can sense in advance enough of what is going to happen to him that it seems worthwhile to try to measure his responses as he passes through the experience.

The questions on the next two pages comprise a new type of scientific experiment in which behavioral scientists enlist the participation of other scientists and non-scientists to bring about a better understanding of the process of social and cultural change. Because of their unique position in the intelligence pattern of America, readers of *The Saturday Review* are invited to become the first magazine audience to give a word picture of the state of mind in the marketplace of ideas "before Man in Space."

Your help is welcomed, with the understanding that this is *not a test of your knowledge;* it is rather *a request for a record of your present state of mind.* To be scientifically valid your responses must be based on knowledge or attitudes you presently have in your head. *What you don't know is just as important as what you do know.* If you have no opinion or aren't sure of a fact, please indicate that. Answers that are looked up or obtained from other people will distort the true pattern of knowledge and beliefs held at this stage in the evolution of Man in Space.

We prefer not to know your name. But your age (_____years), sex (_____), profession (_____), and address (city _____, state_____) are vital for purposes of comparison within this sample of respondence and between samples of respondence. Please go back and note them in the spaces provided. Feel free to write as much or as little as you want in response to these questions. But remember that the more complete the response the more valid the analysis which can be made. It is assumed that you will want to determine freely the length at which you answer the opinion questions, hence few blank lines have been left for them. You will need separate sheets of paper for these answers. So begin by assembling your tools. Then let yourself go. When you're through, tear out these quiz pages, add the sheets on which you write your opinions, and mail all to P. O. Box 2093, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. *SR*'s Science Editor guarantees that whatever you write will be used for no other purpose than a vigorously controlled scientific experiment designed by the psychologist Dr. Donald N. Michael. This experiment is one phase of a Man-in-Space study which he

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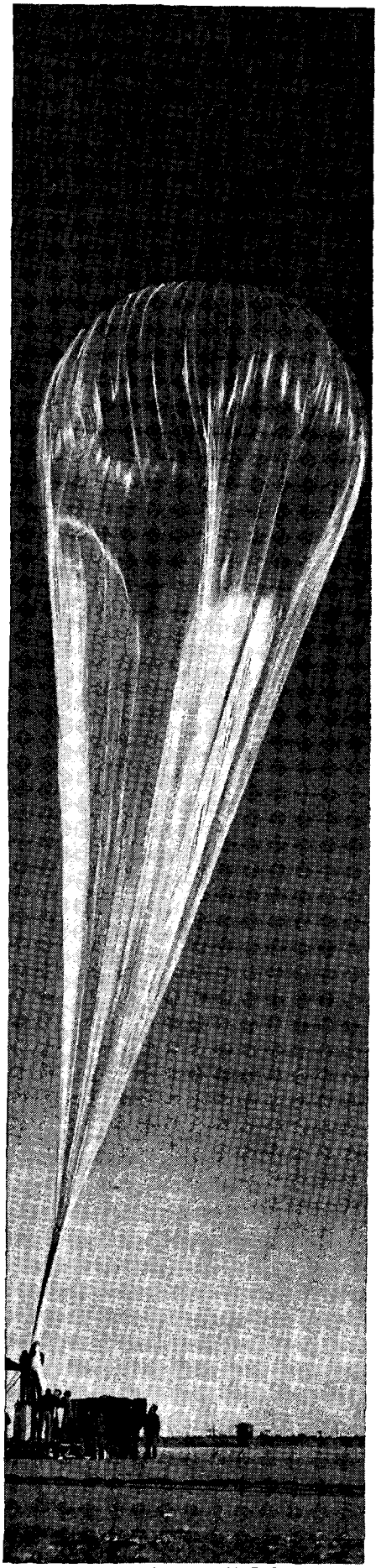

—Holloman Air Dvlpmt. Center.

Man nears space under such gasbags . . .

is conducting with the cooperation of the noted anthropologist, Dr. Margaret Mead, and other eminent social scientists including Dr. David Reisman, Dr. Gordon Allport, Dr. Harold Lasswell, Dr. Edward Shils, and Dr. Evon Vogt.

At a later date, after the transpiration of other events pertaining to Man in Space, you may be asked to join another phase of this experiment. By studying the change and distribution of knowledge, misinformation, attitudes, and beliefs at different points of time in the long evolution of man's attempts to explore space, psychologists and anthropologists and political scientists can learn the micro-processes of social change, thence develop theories and hypotheses about the dynamics of such change, and finally put the theories to work to influence the changes toward a peaceful and happy life.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SPACE?

1. Earth is one of nine planets (there are also an estimated 44,000 smaller asteroids) which travel in orbits about the Sun. How many times larger than the Earth is the Sun? (_____ times) How many of the other planets can you name? (_____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____, _____)
On which, if any, of these do scientists think there may be (a) life (_____, _____, _____) (b) Earth-like human life? (_____, _____)

2. Why is it that when we talk about the planets and the Sun and other stars we say that space separates them instead of saying that air separates them? What is the difference between the air and space? (_____ _____
_____
_____
_____)

3. How far away from Earth's surface does space begin? (_____miles)
What determines the boundary? (_____
_____
_____
_____
_____)

4. When Sputnik and Muttnik, the two Russian satellites, first appeared in the sky, were they traveling in space all the time? (Yes_____, No_____)
Why are they called man-made moons? (_____
_____)
Are they held in place by the attraction of the Sun, or by the same influence of the Moon that moves the tides in Earth's oceans, or by something else? Please be specific. (_____
_____
_____)

5. If we want to travel in space, why must we spend so much time and money in making rockets—why can't we just build a very big airplane and fly it out there? (_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____)

6. Why is it that the very same rocket can shoot up through Earth's atmosphere intact, yet burn like a shooting star when it reaches the peak of its trajectory and shoots back down again? (_____
_____
_____)

7. The Russian dog in Muttnik is described as being weightless. What happens that makes the dog weightless? (_____
_____
_____
_____
_____)

8. What is a G? (_____)
How much does a 200-pound man weigh when he is accelerated to 7 Gs? (_____ pounds)

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9. When man eventually ventures into space, he must protect himself against (a) freezing to death, (b) having his blood boil, (c) asphyxiating, (d) being hit by cosmic rays, (e) being hit by meteorites, (f) going mad from loneliness, (g) starving. Please circle the appropriate key letter or letters preceding the correct word or words.

10. How far away is the Moon? (_____miles) If man goes to the Moon, do scientists expect he will land (a) in a non-stop rocket from Earth, (b) in a rocket from a space-station above Earth's atmosphere, (c) in a lunar ferryboat? Please circle the key letter preceding the correct statement.

HOW DID YOU LEARN IT?

1. Indicate the three leading sources of your information about space, numbering them in order with the numeral 1 marking the most important. (a) school_____(b) work_____(c) technical books_____(d) technical journals_____(e) other books_____(f) magazines_____(g) newspapers _____(h) radio_____(i) TV_____(j) your children_____(k) their teachers_____(l) your neighbors_____(m) your friends_____(n) others_____(please specify). Check any of the following who have expressed particular interest and knowledge of the subject: your clergyman_____, physician_____, dentist_____, lawyer_____, clerks in shops and stores_____, policemen_____, bus drivers_____, taxi drivers_____, children_____, others_____ (please specify.)

2. Did you read or hear much about space before Sputnik went up? (Yes_____, No_____)

3. Have you talked to others about Sputnik (more, about the same, less) than about other front page news items? (Please circle the appropriate word.)

4. Have you talked about Sputnik to anyone with whom you usually don't discuss news events? (Yes_____, No_____) If "yes," why? (_____ _____ _____ _____ _____)

5. Have you listened especially to discussion of the technology and/or implications of Sputnik by any particular persons to whom you don't especially attend with regard to news events? (Yes_____, No_____) If "yes," was there any particular reason and if so what was the reason? (_____ _____ _____ _____ _____)

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT MAN IN SPACE?

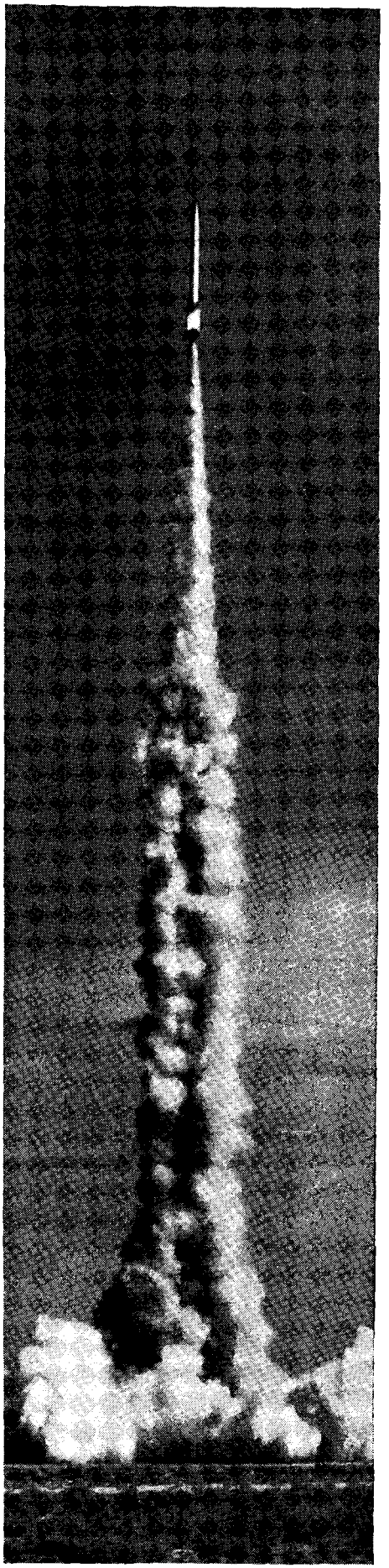
1. Do you personally feel that the effort to put man into space is good (_____) or bad (_____)? (Please check one.) Why?

2. Do you think the efforts to put man into space will have any effect on your own life? If so, what effect?

3. Would you like to be one of the first people to explore space? (Yes_____, No_____.) Why?

4. How do you feel about the Russians putting a dog into space? Are you shocked by their willingness to let a helpless animal die alone, or do you believe it is necessary for animals to test whether space is safe for men? What aspect (or aspects) of Sputnik and Muttnik made the deepest impression on you? If you list more than one, put the most important first.

5. What difference do you think it would make to the human race if other life equivalent to human life were found in the universe? Suppose this extraterrestrial life were superior to the human race, then what? When you ponder such questions, do you think (not enough, enough, too much) attention is being paid to scientific research? Do you think (not enough, enough, too much) attention is being paid to research in the humanities?



—Holloman Air Dvlpmt. Center.

. . . and rockets explore dangers above.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXI

ASSISTANT PRESIDENT: A POETIC SCIENTIST

Dr. James Rhyne Killian, Jr., Genius of Administration in Science, Is Also an Able Literary Craftsman

"INFINITE spirit: Give us, we pray, the will and the capacity to grow, the sensitivity and receptivity to see in new ways, and the humility to understand how little we yet have grown and how little we yet have seen."

If President Eisenhower had opened his radio talk to the American people on the night of November 7 with that invocation, and had then announced that he was quoting a poet whom he had just appointed as his Special Assistant for Science and Technology, the country might very well have been confused. The President didn't quote the invocation (though the words were marvelously apt for a boastful nation humbled by Sputnik and Muttnik), but he did appoint the poet who wrote it.

So much has been said and written about Dr. James Rhyne Killian, Jr., the science administrative genius, that only a few close friends who understand what he is all about remember the breadth and depth of his involvement with literature. The whole of his adult life has been dedicated to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He began his career there as Assistant Managing Editor of the *Technology Review*. Under his later editorship, that journal became one of a thin handful of alumni magazines with literary status. Later still, as President of MIT, he was noted for writing memos that flew and sang. If the speed at which human events are now traveling ever slows down enough in his lifetime to give him a really deep breath, he hopes to write lines that scan as verse. But even if that never happens, there certainly will be room in anthologies of an age guided by the light of science for such of his expressions as "A Benison from Friends," bestowed in a "spirit of unabashed sentiment" on the MIT graduating class of June 1955:

"Whatever may befall you on your journey, success in the deepest and truest sense will be found in the dignity and poise which you reveal in meeting both the failures and the successes of life. . . . It was said eloquently of the Athenians that they had the gift of making 'gentle the life of mankind.' In our benison we include the hopeful anticipation that you will mix with your professional accomplishment some of this ingredient for making gentle the life of our turbulent times, for cultivating civility in a period of harsh and brutal incivilities.

"To these unabashed and unsophisticated good wishes, I add two more arising out of the special character of this institution and your education. The first is that you serve as expositors and exemplars of the true spirit of science and the other noble disciplines whereby man seeks to understand the universe and himself. We have been living in a period marked by both subtle and gross assaults on the intellectual life. The whole domain of science has been especially subject to barbarian infiltration and to the misrepresenting propaganda that it endangers man's nobler aims and ends. . . . You and we have an obligation to make this true character of science better understood, and to do so, not by the arrogant advocacy of science and technology as the only means to increase our understanding and well-being, but by the balanced and tolerant presentation of the scientific spirit as one of the great and powerful methods by which man can increase his knowledge and understanding and still stand humble and ennobled before the wonder and the majesty of what he does not understand."

Appreciating the beauty of words properly juxtaposed, "Big Jim" Killian (his broad shoulders suggest a massiveness beyond his 5 feet 10 and his 185 pounds) cannot bring himself to churn them about in meaningless chitchat. The companionship he most enjoys is with those who have learned the delights of long lapses into contemplative silence. Less perceptive souls, trying to explain their own comparative garrulousness, read into his shy introspection a forbidding austerity. Photographs lend aura to this unfriendly facade. Camera shutters almost invariably catch his big gray head with its long broad nose and compassionate brown eyes in what seems to be a cloudburst of gloom. On recent magazine covers he looks like a shaggy dog shut out in the rain. Of course, he shudders when these images confront him, but the inner man is too careless of outer appearance to attempt any spur-of-the-moment projection of his true personality. The photograph incorporated into the cover of this issue of *The Saturday Review* gives a rare public glimpse of the Killian warmth.

SOME Washington correspondents are resentful of the new Assistant President's lack of eagerness to be interviewed or to make the portentous-sounding pronouncements common to most capital VIPs. (He contends it is his job to advise the President and the President's job to act or speak on his advice as the public good dictates.) There have been insinuations that because of his personal reserve, Killian will not be able to attract brilliant young scientists of the sort who idolize J. Robert Oppenheimer. It is in no sense a detraction from Oppenheimer's magnetism to call this a canard. The private smile of "Jim" Killian has been known to every MIT student of the last decade, and telephone calls from undergraduates have gone to the Killian home overlooking the Charles at all hours of night. The strong, taut bond between him and the student body was plainly evident on the night of his appointment to the White House post. News reporters who asked for an interview got a statement, read personally; all but the most innocuous questions were turned aside as inopportune. But undergraduates who showed up for the questioning were still engaged in a bull session with him long after the reporters left. Twice since then Killian has tried to summon a convocation (they are seldom convened at MIT). Each time, the exigencies of the science crisis vis-a-vis the Russians thwarted him. Typically, no one has been able to get out of him what it was that he wanted to say. All anyone knows is—the message is personal.

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—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Dr. James R. Killian, Jr.

On this rapport with younger minds depends the ultimate fate of the new White House assignment. The far-spread notion that Killian was named as a missile "czar" is a gross underestimation of his real responsibility. Vital as they are, complex and bitter as is the inter-service rivalry swirling around them, missiles and rockets are hardly more than dangerous toys when compared to the subtle, profound alterations which Killian was summoned to bring about in the American state of mind. How can a people historically engrossed in building machines to clear an ever-expanding frontier be turned suddenly to think of science not as an assembly line for wonder-gadgets but as a way of looking at life? How, after gearing the schools down to the pace of the common man will it be possible quickly to gear them up to challenge the uncommon intelligence—without abandoning democracy? How, after almost twenty years of believing that other nations could progress only by stealing our inventions, can a proud nation be persuaded that many peoples are at least as clever as we? How, after sharing in the official humiliation of an Oppenheimer for "indiscretions" which admittedly did not involve disloyalty, can science itself rid itself of the stifling cloak of secrecy?

THESE are the staggering issues which made it imperative for a scientist to be placed in the President's own official family for the first time since John Quincy Adams, himself a scientist, occupied the White House. Fortunately, the scientist who has been placed in this lofty position is by nature attracted to towering obstacles. He might argue that he inherits the lure, for he was born in the shadow of King Mountain at Blacksburg, South Carolina. Or it could be said that he is drawn by the invisible thread of his literary life. At the other end of that thread would be George Meredith, whose works he collects in first editions and whose observation on mountain climbing he habitually quotes: "Every step is a debate between what you are and what you might become." No one who learns this much about Killian is in the least surprised that in his inaugural speech as president of MIT in 1949 he talked of that institution in mountaineering terms: "No one remains at Technology very long without sensing altitude, the invigorating winds which blow from all quarters, the energizing sunshine of discussion and discovery, the long view."

It is entirely fitting that this romanticist with the name of a seventh-century Irish martyr and 600 years of German-Dutch lineage, who has become a moving force in the history of American science, should be native to the South, where the history of American science education got its initial impetus from William and Mary College in 1712. It is fitting, too, that it took an offer of the presidency of Duke University, successor to his *alma mater*, Trinity College, to put Killian in line to direct MIT. For Duke, through Trinity, is rooted deep in the humanities. And Killian's great contribution to MIT was to cap the engineering stature of Richard Maclaurin and the scientific luster of Karl Compton with the humanizing requirement that "the specialist must shun the view that lopsidedness is laudable; he must be politically and morally responsible; he must test his actions by their human impact." In June 1958 will issue forth the first graduates of the Killian-inspired "Course XXI," in which 40 per cent of an engineering student's time is spent in studying humanities and an attempt is made to trace not so much the internal history of the evolution of scientific and technical ideas as such but rather to emphasize the effects of those ideas on society and vice versa. Fame has already been won by the MIT Institute of International Studies, founded on Killian's conviction that the scientific tradition of international amity "can be a powerful agent in promoting peace among nations."

The idea that promoting peace may be one of the functions of an Assistant President who was named primarily to fight cold war has nowhere been discussed. Nevertheless, "Jim" Killian is on record that "peaceful applications (of science) are far more important to our security in the long run . . . than augmenting military strength." The crucial struggle against the Russians, he has suggested in Congressional testimony, will come not on the battlefield but in the factory. He has pleaded publicly for a "new breed of administrator" who knows the influence of weapons on policy lest we "permit ourselves to forget the terrible tragedy and waste of any arms race" or "be beguiled into reading any glory into the grim business."

THERE could be no truer prototype of his "new breed of administrator" than Killian himself. Never a practising scientist at any level, he is a veteran research entrepreneur. At fifty-three, he has behind him so long a record of high-pitched performance that the murderous pace of official Washington is something of a relaxation from his 9 A.M.-to-6 P.M. seven-day week back home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He knows the effect of weapons on policy from years of sitting on science advisory panels to the government and from years of inspiring men to imagine yet unimagined weaponry at MIT. Whether the foresight and courage that led him to criticize the lack of effective research direction by the executive office before his appointment will avail as much now that he has been silenced by his new authority remains to be seen. Many of his friends were discouraged and angered by the way the President kept him waiting for the oath of office and then cut the ceremony short to make a quick getaway to the golf course. They were especially sensitive because they know that Mrs. Killian, to whom he is devoted, is not in robust health and had to be left at home alone in New England. But "Big Jim" Killian is possessed of an immeasurable reservoir of inner resource. He sits and thinks and smokes big fat cigars, dreams of his grandson Christopher (older of his daughter's two boys; he also has a son), wonders when if ever he will be free to paint landscapes again, and talks very seldom because he respects and cherishes words in a way that only poets can comprehend. —J. L.

THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES "need to cultivate science for its own special values, its disinterested search for truth, its creativeness, its readiness to acknowledge error and to accept new ideas."

—Dr. James R. Killian, Jr.
Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology.

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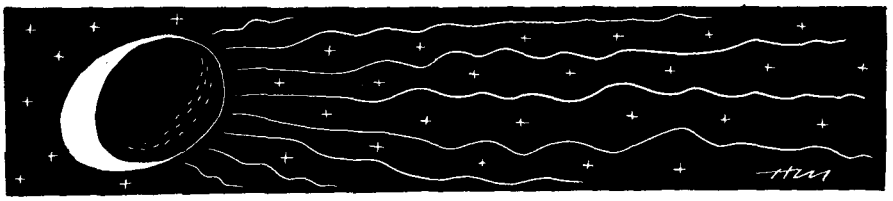
SCIENCE IN BOOKS

LESSON FROM THE GREEKS

No Civilization Has Ever Been Saved by a Lucky Star



THE Babylonians surpassed all other peoples of antiquity in the patience, precision, and impartiality of their observations (of the sky). Not content with the usual interpretation of the stars based upon empirical rules, they created a different, a dogmatic system of astrology. . . .

The essence of astrology is the transposition of divine characteristics to the wandering planets. . . . It persisted as the most successful intellectual movement of all epochs. It infected every culture, no matter what the prevailing religion; it infiltrated all levels of education. . . .

Its conquest of the Greeks was swiftest and most complete of all. That this should have been so runs exactly contrary to one's notions. The Greeks . . . were a daylight people who saw all things concretely, who cast abstract ideas into tangible form. . . . Nothing could have been further from the minds of the Greeks, it would seem, than viewing the night sky as ruler of man's soul and destiny.

Of course, the Greeks shared the universal human dread of the wrath of Heaven, which comets and eclipses patently proclaimed. But Pericles showed his soldiers that they had nothing to fear from an eclipse by giving them a scientific explanation; he held a cloak in front of a lamp to demonstrate what happened during an eclipse. General Nicias was despised by the public for abandoning a siege because of an ill omen. Aristophanes called the Moon and Sun "gods of the barbarians."

And yet these very same Greeks developed astrology into a rigid system of dogma. The stages by which this earthiest of cultures paradoxically arrived at a form of celestial mysticism can be traced step by step. It began with Plato. His universal spirit was open to all suggestions from other realms of the mind. Plato had one Chaldean as a friend, and one as a disciple. Perhaps influenced by them, he took up the idea that hitherto had only been hinted at in the Orphic mysteries: that the stars possessed a divine nature. The stars, Plato went on to teach, consisted of the four elements plus a soul. This wholly un-Greek conception opened wide the gates to Babylonian astrology. Aristotle, ordinarily so critical, spoke with enthusiasm about the stars as animate beings. The Stoic philosophers, in their turn, attributed to them emotion, understanding, and will.

When horoscopes first appeared, the realistic minds of the Greeks objected vigorously. Even the Stoics protested: if man's fate were predestined to the last detail men would be nothing but slaves of the stars—machines, in fact. Moreover, twins and other persons with exactly the same horoscopes ought to have precisely the same sort of lives. But in spite of these sensible objections, astrology soon became a great fad.

From the third to the second century B.C., Greek culture underwent a transformation. . . . The intellectual center of the Greek world shifted from Athens and Pergamum to Alexandria. Economics and technology became more important than literature and philosophy. Greece herself, with her tiny city-states insisting with vain arrogance upon their individuality, ceased to have any political importance. The despised Romans from the West wiped them off the map more easily than they had Carthage or Egypt. . . .

The feebleness of the Greeks sprang from an inward change. Their faith in the Olympic gods had long since vanished; their mythology had become an object of mockery. In the third century only the goddess Tyche, Chance, was really worshiped. In the second century she yielded her place to Ananke, Necessity or the coercion of circumstances. Widespread skepticism paralyzed the energy of the Greeks; they wanted only to know the future, not shape it. Criticism, not creation, was the principal passion of the intellectuals.

The Greek people longed to return to religion. All their old gods came to life once more—as stars. The planet Venus now was seen as Venus herself; the Father of the Gods, Jupiter, stood plainly visible in the sky. He no longer revealed himself in thunder and lightning, as in days of yore, but by direct radiation. He might no longer associate personally with a few chosen mortals, but he wielded direct, magical influence upon every living soul. Astrology afforded a living relationship with the gods, which had formerly been reserved to the mystery cults.

This form of astrology meant infinitely more than mere fortune-telling. It confirmed the supremacy of Ananke above Tyche by providing calculable laws of destiny. Liberated from Chance, life once more acquired a deeper meaning. From the depths of the night sky sounded divine voices; a web of causes and effects linked man to the universe. Man's soul depended on the planets and the signs of the zodiac; the human microcosm represented the image of the animate macrocosm. Man's horror of his solitude in the universe was placated; in faith in the stars, in the demonstrated connection between past and future, men could find inner peace.

That faith overwhelmed the Greeks at the time their own cultural forces were running dry. Once they had restrained their Dionysiac impulses, giving vent to them only in brief, occasional orgies. Now they regarded such impulses as the true lure of life; they abandoned themselves to the dark powers. It was a tremendous experience for them to feel themselves trembling in contact with other worlds, as though invisible threads from these came together within their souls. Precisely because the spirit of mysticism was so alien to their culture, it took hold of them with enormous power as soon as they lost their souls intellectually and politically.

THE Romans casually absorbed astrology as they did all other beliefs that came their way . . . They had only a practical interest in astrology, and used it for the crudest sort of fortune telling. The Emperor Tiberius himself practised it. Hadrian annually drew up a professional prediction for himself. In Rome astrology became a business. . . .

It was not Christianity that spelled the end of Greco-Roman culture; it had been undermined far earlier by Chaldean magic.

—RUDOLF THIEL, *in "And There Was Light" (Copyright © 1957 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., $6.75).*

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for fruitful research. Answers will appear on this page as they are received.*

RAYMOND N. DOETSCH (*University of Maryland*): A large number of the world's population depend upon ruminant animals (cows, sheep, goats) for their economic welfare. The diets of these animals consist largely of cellulosic and starchy materials; and, curiously, the digestion of these feedstuffs in a specialized organ —the rumen—is brought about by the microorganisms dwelling in it. That is to say, the animal depends absolutely upon microbes living in its "first stomach" to do the work of converting food into energy and growth. The microflora is quite specialized, and it is transmitted from nature to young animals by contact; rumen microorganisms are never found free in nature.

Intensive investigations are being made on the factors influencing the development of the microflora; the role played by it in the genesis and treatment of peculiar ruminant diseases such as bloat and ketosis; and on the ability of the microflora to utilize cheap, synthetic materials and still satisfy the nutritional requirements of the host animal. Detailed information on the physiological interactions between rumen microorganisms and the host would enable us to exert some control over these reactions. Such knowledge would help the people of undeveloped, overpopulated nations produce more meat, milk, and wool, without necessarily requiring the advanced agricultural technics of more developed countries.

By advanced agricultural technics we mean here the techniques required to produce, harvest, and distribute the grains, hay, meals, solubles, etc., used in natural feedstuffs. If we knew (and this is the area in which much research is now being done) the nature of the factors governing the breakdown of feeds in the rumen, and how to control the formation of ruminal end-products, it would be possible to substitute synthetic chemicals for natural materials. One of the aims of our research is to replace the natural feedstuffs, where possible, with chemical compounds known to be degraded by the ruminal microflora to substances required by the host animal. Each successful substitution would remove some of the burden of feed production from the land. Countries where over-population requires use of the land solely for growing food for human consumption could maintain ruminant animals supplied largely with synthetic chemicals, or with poor quality materials fortified with such compounds to make them useful. Hence meat, milk and wool could be produced without dependence on techniques associated with agronomy, crops, plant diseases.

Valuable basic information concerning biological interaction phenomena among organisms at the cellular level will be obtained through rumen research. We have coined the word "ruminology" to denote that branch of biology which deals with the rumen in any of its manifestations. Accordingly, we are ruminologists; and as we are involved in an interdisciplinary science, we usually need a team of workers trained in microbiology, biochemistry, physiology, and protozoology to pursue our investigations efficiently.

What did the men behind Sputnik learn in school?

READ

Soviet Education for Science and Technology

By ALEXANDER G. KOROL
CENTER FOR INTERNATIONAL STUDIES, M.I.T.

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- The Ten-Year School: Instruction, Textbooks, and Examinations
- The Secondary Engineering (Industrial) Technical Schools
  Soviet Higher Education: The Institutional System
- Soviet Higher Education: Selection, Enrollment, and Graduation
- Soviet Higher Education: The Academic Plan
- Soviet Higher Education: Sample Curricula at an Engineering School (ME), a University (Physics), and Pedagogical Institute (Mathematics)
- Soviet Higher Education: Teachers, Textbooks, and Facilities
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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

ON FOLKLORE

I HAVE, PERHAPS, misread John Lear (*SR/*RESEARCH, Nov. 2); or, perhaps, he expressed himself with less than scientific precision. But when he writes, "If intelligent people ever have believed the *folklore* about Russian spies stealing the A-bomb, the H-bomb . . .," (my italics), is he not asking me to doubt that those people, in this country and elsewhere, tried, convicted, and sentenced for such crimes, ever even existed? . . . Frankly, I was so nonplussed by this demand on my credulity that I fear I gave inadequate consideration to the following paragraphs which argued that, though the Russians did "put it where they knew we couldn't see it," no one ought to have pointed this out; and that, while Sputnik's wavelength did differ from the one agreed to beforehand, reporting this fact was "unfortunate."

DON M. MANKIEWICZ.
East Norwich, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Sputnik and the Schoolteacher" did not allege or imply any miscarriage of justice. The point it made was simply that no spy-borne secrets alone can account—as the American people generally have been misled to believe they do account—for the Russian A-bomb, H-bomb, jet engine, and Sputniks. Incredible as this view seems to many, it is the publicly stated view of such eminent and trusted public servants as Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology.*

Nor did "Sputnik and the Schoolteacher" argue that no one should have pointed out that Sputnik was put where we couldn't see it. We said it was unscientific and misleading for the direction of the Russian moon's orbit to be pointed out as evidence of Soviet chicanery; the orbit was decided by geography. And we didn't say there was advance agreement on satellite broadcast wave-lengths.

UNTHINKABLE

THOUGH I CAN certainly applaud Helen Rowan's report (*SR*/RESEARCH, Nov. 2) in its attempt to put mathematics into correct light, I must object to the implications of the *reason* for doing this. No one, I am sure, who understands and appreciates either science or mathematics can argue with any attempt to substitute a genuine understanding of the "artificial" nature of mathematical formulations. But, unfortunately, author Rowan does not seem to be so much interested in accuracy as she is in making the subject easy: "(This is) painless algebra. There's nothing in it to memorize. No tables. No laws. No mystifying symbols." Shades of Dale Carnegie and the Townsend plan! Here's something for nothing. . . .

I wonder if the people of America in general and the educators in particular have really thought about this problem —and I would like to say at once that Miss Rowan's proposals are but one tiny part of an enormous pattern which has grown up in our century. All our teaching —and whatever learning may result therefrom—has been made beautiful, intriguing, easy, fascinating, simple, and, in short, tailor-made for "the masses" instead of "the few." Now, unquestionably, this has resulted in a spread of ideas to countless more people than was even imagined before—but at what a price! Everything has become so easy that—and I am now speaking from my own experience with college students in the classroom—the average (and, frighteningly, even the superior) student today seems to be a person who cannot really think through a problem. Or, rather, I should say, *will* not think them through.

DALE D. DRUM,
Long Beach State College.
Long Beach, Calif.

ODD ADD

I WAS SOMEWHAT dazed when I read Helen Rowan's article and found on page 43 that 1+2=4, 1+2+3=9. Sixty years ago 1+2=3, 1+2+3=6, as I was taught. If today's children are taught by such methods, how will we ever reach the Moon?

ELISABETH PROCHNOW.
West Chester, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Professor Beberman's question, before he set down the two columns of numbers, was: "What is the sum of the first sixty odd numbers?" The columns must be read in reply to this question. The first odd number is, of course, one and the sum of one is one. The first two odd numbers are one and three, and their total is four.*

RACIAL EQUALITY

IN SPITE of the nice things said about me in the PERSONALITY PORTRAIT (*SR*/RESEARCH, Nov. 2), I am truly distressed to see that I am quoted as holding an opinion about the racial inheritance of intelligence which is quite contrary to my real views, already on the record. The purported quotation runs: "Differences in intelligence between races of men do exist." What I might have said was: "Differences in intelligence between races of men *may* exist, but we have no way of knowing." One little word—*do* instead of *may*—but a world of difference in meaning, as the Editor of *The Saturday Review* must certainly recognize. In fact, the following sentence, also supposed to be in my own words, makes sense only if it were indeed to follow the first statement as I have corrected it. . . . The divergence between what I am supposed to have said and what I really think makes me conclude more than ever that if we are ultimately to improve the level of science-writing for the general public, the journalist will have to submit his story in written form for a check by the scientist whose ideas are being translated into everyday language. With the best good will in the world, errors of material nature will otherwise be all too frequent. Let me then repeat: my true position is that until opportunities for the optimum development of intelligence are afforded to everyone, one cannot reach a scientific decision about racial differences in intelligence, if that is important. In any case, it is very clear that differences between individuals, whether of the same or different race, are far more significant than the problematical differences between races. The effects of environmental advantages and disadvantages on intellectual development are so great that genetic differences are often masked. Thus, the scientific as well as the ethical solution demands equality of opportunity for all people.

BENTLEY GLASS.
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our apologies to Dr. Glass.*

STAR STUFF

I WAS much interested by Mr. Lear's lively article on Prince Philip (*SR*/RESEARCH, Oct. 5) . . . but there is an erroneous statement in his introduction that should be set straight. Referring to our indebtedness to British scientists for basic insights and fructifying theories, he says: "Jeans's postulation of hydrogen fusion in stars was such a brilliance." The truth is that Jeans made no such postulation. The idea that the energy of the stars is generated by the conversion of hydrogen into helium was first advanced by Jean Perrin of France in 1919 (*Annales de Physique*, II [1919] p. 89) and repeated and extended by Sir Arthur Eddington in an address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1920. . . . Jeans had a very different theory. . . . His idea was that the stars generate energy by the annihilation of matter in atoms heavier than uranium.

GEORGE W. GRAY.
Sparkill, N. Y.

BETTER REPORT CARD

WE OF East Chicago are particularly concerned about your statements (RESEARCH IN AMERICA, Aug. 3) regarding our schools. During the seventy years of this community's existence there has been a constant influx of under-privileged people whose children the schools have equipped to take their places in the American stream of life. It seems to us that intellectual honesty would require you to explain that the high illiteracy rate among our adult inhabitants *is the result of the in-migration* you mention later, not as you imply because "fewer of its children finish school than in any other major city in Indiana."

FLOYD B. BOLTON,
Director of Research,
East Chicago Public Schools.
East Chicago, Indiana

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We erred in interpreting the 1950 U. S. census figures, which rate East Chicago lowest among Indiana cities in median years of schooling completed by adults over twenty-five years of age. But we did say East Chicago's slum problems were complicated by the presence of sixty different nationalities.*

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1238

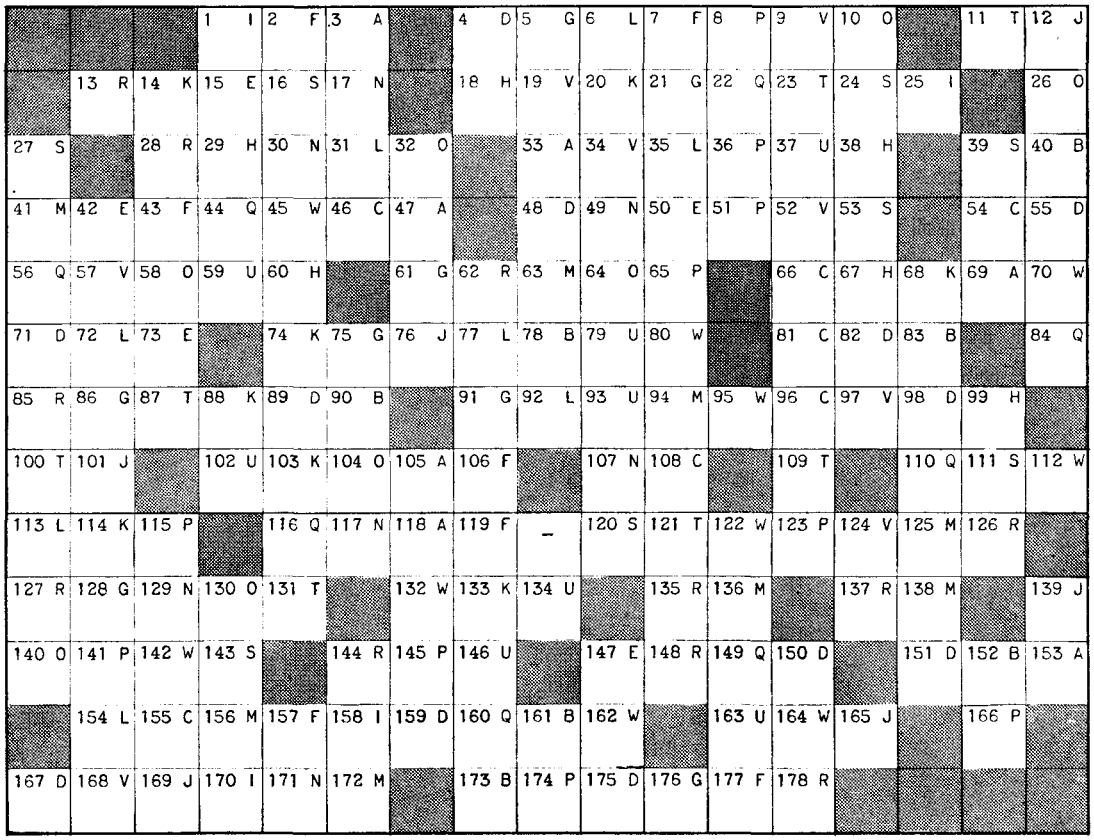
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ancient Valley of Hinnom; place of suffering.	47 33 105 3 69 153 118
B. Corrected, esp. a literary work.	152 173 40 78 161 90 83
C. People or things bereft of some protection or advantage.	108 96 54 155 81 46 66
D. Thanks of the Frenchman.	89 159 151 98 55 48 71 4 150 82 175 167
E. Champion dancer.	73 50 147 42 15
F. Monastic "colony" of Pennsylvania Dunkers, founded by Beissel, 1728.	177 157 2 119 43 106 7
G. Miss Banana who sang a popular commercial of several years ago.	91 176 128 75 21 5 61 86
H. Something said to show the direction of the wind.	38 60 18 29 67 99
I. Heroine of Mary Roberts Rinehart.	1 170 25 158
J. Author of revivalist hymn "Throw Out the Lifeline" (1851-1929).	76 101 12 139 169 165
K. Like an eagle.	14 20 88 103 114 68 133 74
L. What one must do after gathering up the beads of a broken necklace.	35 92 154 31 6 77 72 113
M. Style of orchestral composition favored by Liszt and Richard Strauss (2 wds.).	94 136 172 156 41 138 125 63
N. First part of hyphenated name, Biblical king also known as Pul (I *Chron., v,* 26).	117 30 129 49 171 107 17
O. Elevate; render more conspicuous.	32 64 58 104 130 140 10 26
P. Concluding part of a protocol.	115 65 51 141 166 36 174 8 145 123
Q. Woman having ownership, power, authority.	84 22 116 44 160 56 110 149
R. Neutral; not concerned for one thing more than another.	148 127 126 62 28 144 85 178 13 137 135
S. Device used in an electric circuit for protection, operation, or control.	39 24 53 111 120 16 27 143
T. The "inflexible" Fate who determines when we die, acc'g to ancient Greeks.	109 131 23 100 121 11 87
U. The liquid called 1068, effective against grasshoppers.	59 37 102 79 146 134 163 93
V. Wellbred.	9 34 57 168 124 97 52 19
W. Anemic.	122 80 162 132 104 70 95 45 112 142

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Blank squares indicate ends of words; if there is no blank square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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